THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 316 — NUMBER 4096

JANUARY 6, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ISSUES AT LAUSANNE

La France Militaire, a Paris journal devoted to army interests, comments as follows upon the purely military aspects of the problem of the Straits: —

Freedom of the Straits is a Utopia. They will never be free so long as a Power controls their coast and can place heavy artillery on their banks. They will never be free so long as a Power bordering on the Black Sea can bottle up their entrance with ships and mines. They will not be free so long as another sea Power can blockade their entrance to the Ægean. I mean Turkey, Russia, England. . . . With our modern facilities, it is possible to provide, in times of peace, artillery that can be speedily stationed where it will throw an impenetrable barrage across the Straits. Russia is reorganizing her fleet. It is folly to imagine that her navy will not eventually control the Black Sea. England is already mistress of the sea. She can seal the Dardanelles hermetically any time she so desires.

In this connection, it is pertinent to observe that according to *Le Petit Journal*, French gunnery experts have designed a naval gun considerably more powerful than the German Big Bertha. It surpasses that gun in range, and has the great additional advantage of virtually eliminating recoil. The principle on which the invention is based is that the explosive gases on leaving the mouth of the gun are captured and controlled.

We hear so much of the anti-Turkish version of the capitulations question that the following statement of the Turkish side, from *Foreign Affairs*, seems called for in the interest of a non-partisan exposé of the Lausanne issues: —

"But the chief crux of the difficulties at Lausanne lies, not so much in the Straits, as in the Capitulations. It is on these that the whole sinister force of International finance — *belli tetterima causa* — is being concentrated. Does the average Englishman realize that, as one of the results of these Capitulations, foreigners reside in Turkey and many amass wealth there, without being liable to a farthing of taxation, except, in some instances, a small land tax? Foreigners may grumble about inferior sanitation or bad roads in Turkey, but they never contribute a single piaster towards the rates. Ottoman subjects living in other countries enjoy, of course, no such privileges. If the Turkish Government is to be held to European obligations, its subjects are, in turn, entitled to European rights; and one must not forget that if the obsolete and oppressive Capitulations are abolished in Turkey as they have been in Japan and

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Siam, foreigners will still enjoy, as in all other countries, the full protection of their own Consuls.

"Take another case. The Angora Government is contemplating the prohibition of the sale of wines and spirits on Ottoman territory in accordance with the precepts of Islam. The Chamber of Commerce of Dijon at once brings furious pressure to bear on the Delegates at Lausanne in order to maintain certain Capitulations which would preserve the right of French traders to send their wines and spirits to Turkey! A further abuse under the Capitulations is that Turkey is prevented from settling her own tariffs without the consent of the European Powers. Such consent, when given, is frequently made the pretext for demanding concessions and contracts — a veritable system of international blackmail levied on the Turkish people. In consequence, Constantinople has long been the centre of financial intrigue and ill-feeling between the representatives of the Western Powers, with the result that British trade and enterprise are frequently hampered by the absence of free competition in an open market. Further, nothing but ad valorem tariffs are permitted by foreign Powers with the result that an article like whiskey, imported by wealthy foreigners, pays only at the same rate as the sugar used in the peasant's cottage."

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AGITATED EASTERN EUROPE

Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Rumania, and Eastern Galicia, continue to be local storm centres. Russia insists upon the return of Bessarabia, and thereby keeps her southwestern neighbor in a state of chronic alarm. Eastern Galicia is the scene of incessant disorders, of which but the faintest echoes reach the western world. The other day thirty-nine so-called Communists, accused of conspiracy against the Polish State, were put on trial at Lemberg. Suspicion exists that these men are Communists only in their indictments, and that their real offence is championing Ruthenian liberty. Of the five and a half million inhabitants of Western Galicia and Bukovina, part of which is now under Rumanian rule, seventy-five per cent are Ukrainians, identical in race and language with the people of Russian Ukrainia, but belonging to a western variant of the Roman Catholic Church, and acknowledging the supremacy of Rome. The political status of this district is still undetermined, but it is temporarily under Polish control, and Warsaw is treating the province as if it were permanently annexed. Ukrainian schools and institutions have been closed, Ukrainian students are excluded from the universities, Polish peasants are being colonized in the Province, and according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the Polish authorities 'now hold over fifteen thousand of the Ukrainian intellectuals untried in jail.' At the November election, Polish cavalry was quartered in the villages, and the people were driven to the polls with bayonets. Among the interesting rumors current regarding Galicia, is that the people of the province have engaged the law firm of Wilson and Colby, from which President Wilson has only recently retired, to represent them in their claim for recognition as an independent State under the League of Nations.

Whatever our opinion may be of this still unadjudicated controversy, Galicia's bitterness of spirit gives little promise of eventual political harmony. Under the title 'A Galician Golgotha', an Ukrainian writer protests in *Nakanune* of November 4 against Poland's policy, with a fervent rhetoric that reveals more vividly than cold-blooded

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descriptions by disinterested western writers, the patriotic passions that still burn as ardently as ever in the hearts of this overlooked nationality: —

Poland is fond of referring to her restoration as 'the miracle upon the Vistula.' Now, the miracle upon the Vistula turns into the crime of Galicia. The martyr of yesterday becomes the hangman of to-day. The lessons of all the years of Poland's subjugation, humiliation, and struggle for liberty are quickly and easily forgotten. Volhynia, Holmshina, Galicia — these ancient domains of the Ukrainian people — are under the Polish yoke. It is there that the Ukrainian culture and Ukrainian life have survived, and it is there that a modern Attila now treads underfoot every sacred national aspiration, turns Orthodox churches into Catholic *koscioly*, destroys schools, persecutes the national language and art, and murders old people, women, and children.

Justice has not yet dawned upon the world. To-day might is right, and Galicia must be crushed because Poland is mighty to-day: because France, 'in the interest of international peace,' arms militant Poland. More than once again the oppressor will rend the bleeding heart of Galicia. Might is the only salvation, and Galicia will one day become mighty, together with her Dnieper Ukrainian sister. Every Ukrainian, no matter where he lives, whether in his native land, or in Siberia, or in Canada, should always remember that the worst and bitterest enemy of his country's welfare and regeneration is modern, emancipated Poland.

Bulgaria is on the alert to recover the access to the Ægean granted her after the last Balkan War, and taken away by the Paris Peace Conference. At the same time, she has submitted the conduct of the Cabinet Ministers held responsible for Bulgaria's alliance with the Central Powers during the war, to a popular vote, which has resulted by a large majority in their condemnation. What sentence the government will impose upon the former officials thus found guilty by a jury of the whole nation, has not at present writing been made public. It is surmised that they will be permanently exiled.

The execution, at Athens, of five Cabinet Ministers and the General held responsible for the recent disaster of Greece in Asia Minor has already received abundant comment in our press. *Hamburger Nachrichten*, ever ready to discredit England, refers to this as a 'bloodstain on Britain's toga,' without explaining why the lady should have donned this masculine garb. *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, says: 'This terrible event makes one wonder whether there is any hope for the pacification of the nations,' and commends Great Britain for breaking off diplomatic relations with Greece as 'an act of noble pride, which meets with unanimous assent from the conscience of the nations.' Arthur Toynbee, writing in the *Manchester Guardian*, observes that political factions have been carried to extreme lengths in Greece ever since the country's independence, and have far too frequently degenerated into assassinations. 'But hitherto these crimes have been generally committed by the zeal or folly of private citizens, and not carried out in cold blood by the Greek Government.' After describing briefly the personality and character of each of the civilian leaders executed, he describes General Hadjianestes as a man of whom 'there is little to say, except that he was a very bad soldier. He is reported to have been a martinet, and there was even a rumor that he was not entirely of sound mind.' The appointment of such an officer to the supreme command of an army in the field was so extraordinary a governmental blunder that it was barbarous to condemn him for the Cabinet's ineptitude. His eccentricity was so extreme that he occasionally placed himself under arrest for slight infractions of

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his own regulations, and in warm weather refused to sit down on the ground, alleging that his legs were of glass and would break if he bent his knees. The new Premier of Greece, Colonel Gonatas, is not a Venizelist, and has never taken part in politics before. His Minister of Foreign Affairs, Constantine Rentis, is a young man in the thirties, a lawyer by education, a diplomat by profession, and a pro-Ally Liberal in politics.

In Yugoslavia, the Pashitch Cabinet has resigned, and the Croat delegation to Parliament, which had virtually seceded from that body and sulked in its tents under the peasant leader Radich, has returned to Belgrade to coöperate with the new Ministry. The Croats, who are strong Federalists and oppose the centralizing tendencies of Belgrade, explain their change of policy by the dangers that are threatening the country from without. These are an alleged secret agreement between Mussolini and Hungarian Fascisti for the partition of Croatia and Dalmatia, the former going to Hungary and the latter to Italy; and the imperialist policy of the Kemalists. In addition to Macedonia, the Turks now want their frontiers restored as they were before the Balkan Wars of 1912–1913. The Pan-Islamic movement has reached the Mohammedan population of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Albania, and threatens the interest of all Yugoslav races.

Evidently this does not mean that the standing domestic grievances of the peasant party have been remedied. These dissentients demand a large degree of provincial autonomy under a federal constitution, and they object to the method in which the breaking-up of the large estates has been carried on. The peasants wanted the church and crown lands and large private estates subdivided and sold to actual cultivators. The Belgrade Government has used these lands, according to the peasants, to reward political services. The ruthless Balkanization of the land has been ruinous to agriculture and grazing. The great landlords, whose estates were confiscated, were not forced to donate their cattle to the peasants, the peasants were too poor to buy them, and the result was that they were butchered and sold. Thus the important live-stock resources of Yugoslavia were unnaturally depleted. Her exports of live cattle, swine, and meat products have correspondingly declined. Meanwhile, the land thus taken, instead of falling into the hands of real farmers, has in many instances come into the possession of incompetent political favorites and speculators.

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MESOPOTAMIAN OIL

The London *Economist* publishes a short résumé of the history of the Mesopotamian oil question, in which it says that the American demand for the Open Door is historically connected with negotiations begun with the Sultan's Government eleven or twelve years ago, by Admiral Chester of the United States Navy, in behalf of certain American financiers, seeking extensive concessions in Western Asia. Apparently these did not relate exclusively to oil, which was not then definitely known to exist in considerable quantities in these territories, but also to railway and mining privileges. Indeed, it is not impossible that Turkish officials suggested these negotiations in the first instance, since they knew that the United States was not in the habit of supporting the economic claims of its subjects by diplomatic pressure, in the way that European powers were accustomed to do. These negotiations were prolonged for several years by the changes of government then occurring in Turkey, and by the natural pro-

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crastination of the Turkish authorities. Meanwhile, the Germans discovered oil in paying quantities in Mosul, and reported the discovery to Berlin, but concealed it from the Turkish Government. The deception was discovered, and their hopes of a concession destroyed. Later, however, German and British groups, supported by their Governments, started fresh negotiations, and eventually obtained exclusive oil rights in this promising district. Half the shares in the Turkish Petroleum Company, organized to hold these rights, were taken by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, one fourth by the Germans, and one fourth by the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies. Probably the Turks cancelled these concessions during the war, and made fresh offers to American oil interests. At the San Remo Conference in 1921, the German shares were assigned to the French Government. Their present holders are unknown. The Chester claims, according to this account, have little practical value. The latest stage of the negotiations is a proposal to the present Turkish Company holders to surrender one fifth of their shares to Americans.

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LABOR AND LAND IN ENGLAND

THE British Parliament recently passed, almost without debate, a bill that revolutionized the theory of land ownership in England. Hitherto the title to land in Great Britain has not been absolute. Coke's *Institutes* says: 'All lands or tenements in England in the hands of subjects are holden, mediately or immediately, of the King. For in the law of England we have no subjects' land which is not so holden.' Blackstone confirms this theory, and a recent authoritative text-book on real property says: 'The first thing the student has to do is to get rid of the idea of absolute ownership. Such an idea is quite unknown in English law. No man in law is absolute owner of his lands. He only owns an estate in them.'

The bill just enacted creates an absolute title to land and abolishes the time-honored distinction in English law between real and personal property. Such an enactment was not without a purpose. It was intended to forestall the possible coming into power of the Labor Party which, at its annual conference in 1921, carried unanimously a resolution 'calling upon all holders of the national property — the land — and the resources of nature resident therein, to pay the economic rent thereof to a common fund through the National Exchequer, and that for administrative purposes the money so raised shall be allocated to the local authorities in proportion to the requirements of their districts, as determined by population and other essential factors.'

The new law does not come into operation until 1925, and it is not improbable that it will be made an issue both in Parliament and in by-elections.

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ANOTHER FAMOUS TRIAL IN ENGLAND

BRITISH courts seem to be dealing deliberately but surely with dishonesty in high financial circles. We recorded some months ago the conviction of Horatio Bottomley — conspicuous in Parliament, journalism, and the business world — for fraudulent practices. Now another well-known financier, Gerard Lee Bevan, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for issuing false balance sheets, publishing a false prospectus, fraudulent conversion, and obtaining money by false pretenses. Bevan was one of the most prominent men in the London financial district. He was born in the aristocracy of finance. His way to opulence was made

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smooth. His family and the great banking family of Barclays have been associated for many generations. After a brief experience in the Barclay Bank he became a member, and later a senior partner of one of the oldest brokerage firms in England. Their turnover approached sixty million dollars a year. Bevan not only owned a majority of the capital in this Company, but he was recognized as the brains of the firm. Early in the war, he became Chairman of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Company, in which he acquired large holdings. In this capacity, and as the head of his brokerage firm, he converted the extensive invested funds of this Company and of affiliated Companies into securities of industrial enterprises that paid a high rate of interest. He also diverted its money to various private speculations, including a large ranching enterprise in Brazil. Eventually this unsubstantially founded financial air-castle collapsed, and the ruins revealed that Bevan had been guilty in a large way of a criminal misuse of other people's property, such as would land an ordinary man in jail. He fled to Europe in disguise, was discovered and arrested at Vienna, and is now paying the penalty of his crimes.

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JAPAN'S CHINESE INVASION

THE TOKYO *Gwaiko Jiho*, or *Diplomatic Review*, published last month an article by Professor Aoyagi of Waseda University, who is regarded an authority on things Chinese, upon China's peaceful penetration of Japan. Introducing his discussion with a reference to the order of the Tokyo metropolitan police, noted in the *Living Age* some time since, compelling several hundred Chinese peddlers in Tokyo to return to their own country, he takes up the larger question of which this incident was but a striking symptom. Chinese restaurants and stores, which were very rare in Japan a few years ago, have become common in every street of Tokyo. Chinese itinerant mechanics, tinkers, and peddlers are now a familiar sight in that city. They mend and peddle imitation jewelry, umbrellas, fans, and nostrums of various kinds. The eggs and peanuts, for which the small farmers around Tokyo formerly found a market in the metropolis, have been driven out of the market by Chinese competition. In fact, 'Chinese industries are sweeping away almost irresistibly our native Japanese industries, and this is true not only in our cities and towns but also in our country districts.' While Japan has been defeated in her attempt to make an industrial and commercial conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia, the Chinese are turning the tables and beginning a commercial and industrial conquest of Japan. ,The Japanese are simply no match for the Chinese in labor, industry, and efficiency.' Japanese employers on the Asiatic mainland invariably employ Chinese workmen. While Japanese peasants are deserting the farms and flocking to the cities in haste to make a fortune, the Chinese are still willing to plod along their old back-breaking pursuits. Railways and other large undertakings in Japan already employ Chinese coolies. Rather oddly, after this alarmist survey, the Professor concludes that it may prove harmless and possibly even a stimulant for Japanese agriculture, if the well-to-do peasants import Chinese labor to cultivate their fields. Otherwise, land that should be made productive may go out of cultivation, because of the competition Japanese peasants must meet from the more cheaply tilled agricultural lands of Asia.

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THE PEACE OF CATHAY

BY KU HUNG-MING

[*The following article is by one of China's most distinguished Confucian scholars and philosophers. He is known in Europe as the author of three books published in Germany. A chapter from the last of these three volumes,* Vox Clamantis, *was published in the* Living Age *of March 5,* 1921.]

From the *North China Standard, November 5*
(PEKING ENGLISH-LANGUAGE DAILY)

A REUTER telegram last week conveyed a remarkable piece of news. It was to the effect that the London *Times* in a leader on the Peace of Cathay, commenting on a book of Mr. Bertrand Russell on Chinese Civilization, said among other things: 'China with her civilization was before we were, and may endure when we are no longer. The Chinese of the future are not likely to trouble themselves with the history of our decline and fall, but they may append a note to their histories to the effect that in a certain century the foreign devils of the West ceased to molest them, and life became more agreeable.'

The language of the above telegram, no doubt, is rather sensational, but the substance of what the writer in the *Times* wants to say, it seems to me, is a piece of plain and sober truth, which — although it may shock foreigners who are having such a good time in China, to hear that they are not going to have it for ever — should nevertheless, I think, make those who are still capable of thinking at all think 'furiously', and stop trying vainly to make of China another Europe. At all events, one part of what the writer in the London *Times* says, namely, that the Chinese civilization, whatever defects it may have, has the 'secret of perpetuity,' is a fact which cannot be denied. The other part of the writer's assertion, namely, that the present brilliant and progressive civilization of Europe, which foreigners have been trying to force China to adopt, already badly shaken as it has been by the Great War, may very soon entirely collapse and, as Shakespeare says: —

> . . . Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wrack behind —

is also not altogether an improbability. For if, just before the late war, any one visiting Germany, Austria, and Russia, had been told that Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, after six years, would be in the state they are in at present — would he not have thought that the man who told him that was a maniac 'talking moonshine'? But that moonshine, as we see to-day, has become a fact.

Indeed, any one who still doubts what the writer in the London *Times* predicts of the future of the present civilization of Europe should read a book written recently by a great Italian scholar, Guglielmo Ferrero, called *The Ruin of Ancient Civilization.* In that book the author shows that in the third century of the Christian era, the then most brilliant and magnificent Greco-

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Latin civilization of the West, which it had taken centuries to build, suddenly collapsed and within the space of fifty years became 'nothing more than an immense ruin.' The author says: —

'When, in the year 235, the Emperor Alexander Severus was killed by his rebellious legions, the ancient civilization was still intact in Europe, in Africa and in Asia. In the recesses of their temples, which had been erected or restored in the course of three centuries with all the magnificence for which the growth of an increasing prosperity gave warrant, the gods of the Greek and Roman polytheism and the native divinities — Hellenized or Romanized — of the provinces watched over the social order of the whole Empire.

'Two aristocracies, one imperial, which resided in Rome, the other provincial, which had its home in the secondary towns, were prepared by Greek culture, by Roman culture, or by the two together, to govern the Empire with wisdom, justice and magnificence. The fine arts — sculpture, painting and architecture — flourished. Philosophy and literature were cultivated with zeal by a growing crowd of men and women of the middle and higher classes. Everywhere, even in the small towns, schools multiplied.

'The large and small towns in all the provinces vied with each other in the construction of the most beautiful buildings, in establishing schools, in organizing sumptuous fêtes and ceremonies, in encouraging the studies most in favor at the time, and in making provision for the well-being of the poor. Agriculture, industry, and commerce flourished; the finances of the Empire and of the towns were still in good condition, and the army was still sufficiently strong to impose upon the barbarians hovering on the frontiers respect for the name of Rome.

'Fifty years later, all this was changed. The Greco-Roman civilization and polytheism were in their death-agonies. The gods fled from their deserted and crumbling temples to take refuge in the country. The refined aristocracies, which governed the Empire with so much magnificence and justice, had disappeared. The Empire was a prey to despotism, which was at the same time feeble and violent. The western provinces were almost completely ruined. The countryside and smaller towns were depopulated; the precious metals disappeared; agriculture, industry, and commerce degenerated; the arts and sciences were at their last gasp. In fact, the ancient civilization was no more than an immense ruin. No human effort could succeed in preventing the final catastrophe. How can one explain such a change? What then had happened during those fifty years?'

Now after making a careful analysis of the causes that undermined the Roman Empire and its civilization, this great Italian scholar comes to the conclusion that the one principal cause which brought this ancient civilization to a sudden and irreparable collapse was — what? *The loss of the principle of authority.* In other words, the great ancient civilization collapsed because there was no recognized moral principle to make, to bind men to obey the authority of the Emperor. 'For,' as this great Italian scholar truly says, 'the principle of authority is the keystone to all civilization; when the political system becomes disintegrated and falls into anarchy, civilization in its turn is rapidly broken up.'

But the main thesis in this book of the great Italian scholar is that the condition of Europe in the beginning of this twentieth century is in many ways similar to that of the Roman world in the third century of the Christian era. The author says: 'Europe

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finds itself, in this twentieth century, in the same situation in which, in the third century, the Roman Empire was placed: that is, without any recognized principle of government. The great struggle between the monarchical system of government, which means Kingship by Divine Right, and the democratic system, which means government by the Will of the People — which began in 1789 — seems to have ended in the destruction of both systems. The monarchical principle — kingship by divine right — is dead. Already shaken as it had been by skepticism, rationalism, the doctrine of equality, and the wars and revolutions of a century, it has been completely uprooted by the World War. Here and there thrones still exist in Europe, but they are like rocks that tower above the deluge, and those who occupy them are not kings, but shadows. The respect, the admiration, the almost religious faith, which in times past have been accorded to the principle of monarchy, that is, kingship by divine right, are dead. The disaster which killed them was terrible. But is the other opposite principle, — the system of democracy, the principle of the sovereignty of the people, — which ought to have benefited by the downfall of kingship by divine right, in a position to replace it? It is doubtful.'

For — this great Italian scholar goes on to say — with the exception of three nations, Switzerland, France and the United States, — which, because they are under exceptional abnormal circumstances, still rest on the principle of the sovereignty of the people, — in all the other countries of the world today, including China, 'Republican democracy is for the people of those countries but an improvisation of despair, the only alternative to which is the brutal dictatorship of force.'

The great Italian scholar goes on further to say: 'This, then, is the greatest danger which at this moment threatens Western civilization. With the exception of France and Switzerland, the remainder of the continent of Europe does not see clearly how she can or ought to govern herself. She no longer believes in a universally respected principle of authority; and, a prey to the great uncertainty in which she is plunged, she allows herself to be easily seduced by revolutionary deliriums and dragged into mad adventures. The World War has produced many ruins, but the others are trifling in comparison with this destruction of all principles of authority! If Europe possessed Governments of unquestioned power and of recognized authority, the work of reconstruction with all the formidable means at the disposal of Western civilization would be rapid and easy. But ruined as she is, plunged into the deepest misery, at grips with all sorts of political, economic, military, and diplomatic difficulties engendered by the war, devoid of Governments capable of efficient rule, the greater part of Europe may soon fall into a long anarchy. The history of the third and fourth centuries enables us to realize what would then take place in Europe. The principle of authority is the key to all civilization; when the political system becomes disintegrated and falls into anarchy, civilization in its turn is rapidly broken up.'

Thus we see that the one great immediate problem which the people of Europe have before them, if they want to save and preserve civilization, is to find the principle of authority, that is, a moral basis upon which the system of government must be founded. Now where are the people of Europe going to find this?

I answer: They will find this *only in China* — in the religion of the Chinese civilization.

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The religion upon which the civilization of Europe is founded, is Christianity. Christianity is a religion which, as I have elsewhere said, teaches a man how to be a *good man*. But the religion of the Chinese civilization, Confucianism, is a religion which teaches a man not only how to be a good man, but also how to be a *good citizen*. In other words, Christianity is a personal or individualistic religion. 'The supreme object in life, according to Christianity,' as the great Italian scholar says, 'is the moral and religious perfection of the individual.' Confucianism, the religion of the Chinese civilization on the other hand, is a political as well as a social — in fact, a *State religion*. 'The supreme object in life' says Yu-tzu, a disciple of Confucius, 'is to live as a dutiful son and a good citizen.' In fact, this religion of the Chinese civilization is what in my book, *The Spirit of the Chinese People*, I have called the Religion of Good Citizenship. And it is this religion of good citizenship which the people of Europe — instead of trying to destroy — must understand, support and adopt, if they want now to preserve and save civilization from destruction.

Finally, the secret of perpetuity in the Chinese civilization, I want to say here, is this religion of good citizenship in China; and the key note of this religion of good citizenship is the Great Code of Honor, or Religion of Loyalty, given to us by Confucius, contained in these four Chinese words: *Ming fen ti yi* — literally, 'The Great Moral Meaning of Authority.'

Indeed, the great interest of this book of Signor Ferrero, the great Italian scholar, is that it enables us to understand how — as at the time of the Roman Empire, Christianity, that individualistic religion, so weakened the ancient Greco-Latin culture of the time that it became possible for a man like the Emperor Septimius Severus, with the help of demoralized soldiery, at a stroke to destroy the principle of authority of the Roman State, — the 'new learning' of the West today, by discrediting the old learning of China and confusing the minds of the educated class, has made it possible for Yuan Shih-kai — also with the help of demoralized soldiery — by one fell stroke to destroy the key note of the religion of good citizenship, the great code of honor, or religion of loyalty — with the result that there is no government now possible in China.

Therefore, unless this keystone in the religion of good citizenship — the Great Code of Honor, or Religion of Loyalty of Confucius — is restored in China, the Peace of Cathay, the secret of perpetuity in the Chinese civilization, — which, as I have said is the only thing that can save Europe from anarchy to-day, — will, like the great ancient civilization of the West, also pass away; and then there will be no more hope for civilization in the whole world.

Twenty years ago, just after the Boxer Uprising in China, I wrote a book called *Papers from a Viceroy's Yamen*, in which I said, 'The real anarchy of the world is not in China, — although the Chinese are suffering from its effects, — but in Europe and America; and the anarchy in Europe and America seems to me to be fast nearing its last and worst stage.' To-day this great Italian scholar, Signor Ferrero, in his book from which I have been quoting, tells us that the anarchy, in Europe at least, if not in America, has reached its final and worst stage.

Now, just as the first thing which a sick man must do, if he wants to be cured, is to know that he is sick, so the first thing, it seems to me, which the people of Europe must do, if they want to save their civilization, is to know

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that their civilization is in danger. The first hopeful sign therefore, which I have seen in many years, is the Reuter telegram which I quoted in the beginning of this article. The message in this telegram seems to show that there are now even in England, the one nation in Europe most inaccessible to ideas, people who are beginning to realize what I said twenty years ago — that the real anarchy of the world to-day is not in China, but in Europe and America. When the people of Europe and America fully realize this, they will then put away what Professor Williams of Yale University calls 'their arrogance of dominant materialism,' and, as the writer in the London *Times* says, 'cease to molest the poor Chinese' in such a way as to make the Chinese lose their civilization.

In fine, it is my conviction that if Europe does not succeed in destroying the civilization of China, China with her religion of good citizenship, that secret of the Peace of Cathay, can and perhaps may save Europe, save the true civilization of Europe from destruction, and in the end bring about universal peace throughout the whole world. *Abin tegro sæculorum nascitur ordo.*

THE COMING PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

From *La Prensa, November* 8–10
(Buenos Aires Liberal Daily)

The Pan-American Congresses, first instituted to promote the tariff policy of Secretary Blaine in 1890, have been held in Washington, Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, and Buenos Aires. The last such gathering met in our own capital in 1910. The next Congress was to meet in Santiago in 1915, but it was postponed on account of the war, and has been summoned for next March.

The programme of the Congress has been drafted at Washington by a council of plenipotentiaries of the American Republics, and submitted to all the interested Governments. The absolute secrecy that has been maintained regarding our own foreign relations during the last six years has left the Argentine public completely in the dark as to the policy the authorities propose to follow. The new Congress will discuss two classes of subjects: the resolutions of the four preceding Congresses, including those that have not been ratified, and the new business laid before the fifth Congress. Both groups of topics call for careful deliberation and a definite policy.

It is well known that some of the most important measures recommended by the four previous Congresses have not been ratified by the Governments of the signatory countries. This might seem to imply a conflict of opinion between the executive branches of these Governments, which are directly represented at the Congress, and these legislative branches, which persistently refuse to endorse the measures recommended. Among the questions thus left pending are, for instance, a proposed international convention for the protection of trademarks, patents, and copyrights; a

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uniform currency; and uniform customs-regulations.

However, in reality no such conflict of opinion as we have suggested exists. Quite the contrary. There is a general understanding among the countries represented that these recommendations shall not be ratified. National Executives sign these agreements and subsequently submit them to their legislature as gestures of diplomatic courtesy. But they are careful to insert in the ratifying acts evasive and apparently innocuous clauses, that permit them ostensibly to fulfill their signed engagements, yet at the same time make plain the principle that the laws of the country are to take precedence whenever they come in conflict with these agreements.

The United States has finally secured a provision for two registration offices — one in Cuba, and the other in Rio de Janeiro. A patent or a trade-mark registered by any signatory Government at either of these offices will have the same validity in the territories of all the other signatory Governments that it would have, had it been registered separately with each of them. But right here resistance has been encountered.

The United States has persistently urged the general ratification of this agreement, in order that the two offices might open for business. Enough ratifications have been secured in the Northern Hemisphere to justify opening the office at Havana, which is now in operation. The representatives of the United States are now working industriously to secure the same result in South America, but so far without success.

The resistance here has been silent and passive. Venezuela, however, has spoken out. The reports of her officials upon this question are printed in the first volume of her *Yellow Book* for 1921. She has definitely refused to ratify the agreement, for the following reasons: —

Studied with reference to our own legislation, the treaty under consideration would annul all the wise, far-sighted, and liberal laws upon trade-marks and patents now in force, so far as they were not in accord with the provisions of the treaty. More than that, this convention would involve our renunciation for the present and for the future of the right to legislate upon this subject, and would constitute a delegation of our legislative powers in such matters to an international body — something that is expressly prohibited by Article 70 of the Constitution.

Under this agreement Venezuela would be obligated to register gratuitously trade-marks and patents that had previously been registered in any other country signatory to the treaty. Furthermore such a treaty would obligate Venezuela to organize at great expense a government bureau to keep a record of all the trade-marks and patents registered in any of the signatory countries. The United States alone at present, according to the statistics in our possession, registers upon an average thirty-three trade-marks and one hundred twenty-five patents every day.

Venezuela thus becomes the spokesman for all the Republics that have not ratified this measure, and states their case in dignified and final words. However, when the Congress meets at Santiago, and these agreements have not been ratified, the subject is certain to come up, and there will be a disposition to bring moral pressure to bear upon the Governments that have not yet assented to the proposed arrangement.

In dealing with this subject, our Congress has been as ineffective as in dealing with the League of Nations. The Senate has ratified the proposal without discussion, and it is still pending in the Lower House. It is remarkable that matters of such importance were hurried through the Senate practically without debate.

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The United States desires and needs our approval, for, as the Venezuelan report points out, its commerce will derive enormous benefits from this arrangement. Probably our Foreign Office will receive, if it has not already received, suggestions to this effect. It is time that some definite policy be adopted.

Chile likewise has not approved the measure, but just now she is particularly anxious to conciliate the United States on account of her dispute with Peru and Bolivia, at present under arbitration.

Among the entirely new proposals likely to come before the Congress there are two of transcendent importance. One of these is officially proposed by the Government of Uruguay; the other is suggested by governing circles in Washington.

President Wilson delivered a speech at the Agricultural Exposition at Mobile in 1913, that produced a profound impression in the two Americas and in Europe. He frankly charged Europe with practising usury in its dealings with the Latin-American Republics, with imposing unjust loan-conditions upon them, and with extorting from them burdensome concessions that impaired their rights of sovereignty. He proposed, as a practical remedy, that the capitalists of the United States should come to the assistance of the neighboring Republics, and liberate them from their dependence upon European finance.

A little later another Democratic leader, Mr. Bryan, — whose ignorance of political and economic conditions in South America was appalling, in spite of the fact that he had visited our continent and given lectures here, — innocently proposed that the United States should pay up all the European obligations of the Latin-American Republics, and become the sole creditor of these Governments.

Finally, President Wilson eliminated from his original plan errors due to his inadequate knowledge of the geography and politics of Latin America, and formally proposed his fundamental idea of grouping the twenty Republics of the New World into a new political organism, a sort of Confederation, with a deliberative body, which would meet at Washington, and an International Supreme Court, which would likewise have its seat in the same city. This project looked toward fusing twenty sovereign nations in a single nation, preserving for each a certain limited autonomy.

The Argentine Ambassador then in Washington endorsed with undissimulated enthusiasm President Wilson's project, recommended it to the Governments of Brazil, Uruguay, and Chile, during visits to those countries, and finally presented it to the Argentine Government with his unqualified approval.

The Governments of Argentina and of Brazil maintained a prudent and discreet silence, which was tantamount to rejecting the proposal. Chile submitted it to Congress, and the Senate voted against it in secret session. Uruguay, whose Foreign Office was eager to secure the support of the United States for its Rio Plata policy and other international projects, accepted Wilson's plan.

This failure to secure the approval of most of the Latin-American Republics, including those of greatest importance, and the declining influence of President Wilson, relegated to apparent oblivion this scheme of forming a Confederation of the New World under the hegemony of the United States. We say 'apparent oblivion' because some two years ago the President of Uruguay brought forth the plan again, with certain variations of form. He had been Foreign Minister when Uruguay approved the original project.

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He has proposed, in effect, to the plenipotentiaries who form the Council of the Pan-American Union, the establishment of a League of Nations of the New World, one of whose functions shall be to serve as an international court, whose decisions shall be final in regard to every controversy, territorial or otherwise, now pending or occurring in the future among the Governments of the two Americas.

This League would exclude Europe entirely from American affairs, and, as the proposer says in his argument in its favor, would serve as a guardian for the weaker nations against their stronger rivals, settling on a basis of right and justice all controversies concerning which the parties could not agree by direct negotiations.

The President of Uruguay has succeeded in winning some support for his proposal in South American official circles. Two contradictory and equally unfounded opinions regarding these negotiations are current at Montevideo. Some statesmen there champion the project, because they consider it would protect their country against the growing power of Brazil, whose political future is difficult to prognosticate, and whose manœuvres are now causing considerable disquiet among her neighbors. Others are arguing that the true object of their Government is to provide future security against the Argentine Republic.

Whatever lies behind this international policy, its importance must not be disparaged, and the Governments approached by Uruguay have already given the subject mature deliberation. The plan has not been approved by the State Department at Washington, and by other American Republics. Washington dispatches indicate that the following objections explain its cool reception: It would complicate international affairs seriously to have several leagues of nations. Probably there would be at least four: the European League started by President Wilson, the Pan-American Union, the joint Pan-American League and European League, — proposed by the Institute of International Law, — and, last of all, this League of Nations of the New World. The United States seems inclined to reject this last proposal, but suggests in place of it another plan, concerning which we shall speak directly.

Further objections to the Uruguay proposal are that the American Republics are widely separated from each other, and in most instances communication between them is difficult and slow. Consequently, their people and officials are not well-informed concerning the general conditions and public affairs of their remoter neighbors. For instance, it is not likely that the Governments north of Ecuador would be willing to entrust the settlement of any question of vital interest to them to the Republics of the southern half of the continent; neither would the latter be willing to submit to their far northern neighbors questions affecting their territorial rights or other rights and claims of first importance.

Furthermore, the final decision in all such controversies would rest with the United States, since the later Pan-American Congresses and official and unofficial meetings of representatives of the New World show that at least twelve Republics of the twenty invariably vote in accord with the advice, the opinion, and the interests of our great Anglo-Saxon neighbor. In any case, this American League would be largely under the influence and control of Washington.

We must bear in mind, likewise, that the Government of Uruguay, which has proposed this delicate programme, will have a change of administration this coming March. The question there-

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fore arises, whether the new administration will be in sympathy with the same policy — a policy that the Brazil and Argentine Governments might interpret as inspired by distrust and fear in respect to Uruguay's future relations with themselves.

In substance, official circles in Washington are of the opinion that it is not necessary to set up a new organization; that it will be sufficient to amplify, at the Santiago meeting next March, the scope of the Pan-American Union, by adding political functions to its former exclusively economic objects. They would authorize that Union to maintain a sort of general supervision over New World affairs, to the exclusion of all European leagues and governments of every kind.

Will there, after all, be any real advantage in dividing the world into political regions, contrary to the present tendency toward world-wide solidarity? Is it right, expedient, or desirable for a country like Uruguay to exclude Europe from its intimate international intercourse, in view of the close ties that actually exist between Europe and herself? This thought has only to be suggested to impress us with its extreme gravity. To go to the heart of the matter, at best the adoption of such a plan will impair the sovereignty of the nations of the New World, whose self-respect and dignity will never permit them to tolerate permanently the claim of any nation or organized group of nations to exercise jurisdiction over them.

THE NEW TURKISH DEMOCRACY

BY MUFTY-ZADE K. ZIA BEY

[*The Editor of the* Outlook *introduces this article with the following prefatory note: 'We think this roseate description from within of the "new Turkish democracy" will interest our readers; we have no means to test the accuracy of the author's statements and claims.'*]

From the *Outlook, December* 2
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

If Voltaire were alive he might truthfully say that 'it is Anatolia to-day which illumines the Old World.' The Turkish nation has set up in Asia Minor a new form of democracy, a true government of the people for the people. This is by far the most important development of the Turkish Renaissance. During the last three years this new Turkish Government has given patent proofs of its efficiency both in military and civilian matters. Victories on the battlefield have only an ephemeral importance in the history of nations and in the evolution of mankind. Therefore we in Turkey consider with greater hope, if with equal pride, what we have accomplished in the organization and administration of our country.

While we were fighting against tremendous odds to secure the independence and freedom of our country, we were also organizing a new form of government to consolidate the fruits of our

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victories by bringing about an administrative and social reconstruction of new Turkey on truly democratic principles. And the efficiency of this new form of government in its civilian administration has just received an impartial recognition by the Committee of Investigation sent by Admiral Mark L. Bristol, United States High Commissioner in Constantinople, into the territories recently liberated from our enemies. As reported by the American Press, the members of this Commission have declared that only a few weeks after the redemption of our provinces the new Turkish administration had established order, and brought quiet and prosperity out of chaos and anarchy.

When the World War came it had the same results on the Turkish democratic institutions as on those of other parliamentary countries. The leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress then in power, realizing that the Turkish people were neither in favor of entering the war on the side of Germany nor even of remaining under the administration of a pro-war party, suspended the Turkish Parliament and adopted a more stringent dictatorship than their war-mongering colleagues in other European countries. They dragged the country into the war on the side of Germany. After the signing of the Mudros armistice, which definitely eliminated Turkey from the general war and caused the downfall of the Committee of Union and Progress, the Allies reiterated their intention to proceed to the partition of Turkey and immediately endeavored to put their intentions into effect. Thus the Turkish nation was once more spurred to patriotic exaltation, as in 1908.

But the country found itself now in a peculiar position. The press and the publicists were clamoring that the war had been fought to make the world safe for democracy and the rights of small nationalities. But on the other hand, all semblance of organized administration in Turkey was being systematically broken down by the continuous encroachment of the Allies on the armistice terms which they had agreed upon at Mudros. The very rights of the Turkish nation — after all a small nationality of barely fifteen millions — were being systematically trampled under the booted feet of the Allies. Instead of being made safe for democracy, Turkey was being made safe for the plunder of alien capitalists. Disarmed and disorganized, the Turkish nation was down — but not out. Turkey had to submit to slavery, or else to act. But her Sultan and the shadow of a Government were under the very guns of the enemies in Constantinople. The Turkish nation took the burden upon itself. It made up its mind to live free and independent within its racial territories.

Withdrawing first to the lofty plains of Anatolia, the Turkish people summoned their Parliament, which was at the time suspended. Thus their first act was to take into their own hands one of the constitutional prerogatives of their monarch. This measure was rapidly followed by other similar encroachments on the sovereign's rights. Vested with full powers by the people, the duly elected members of the Parliament formed themselves into a Great National Assembly, and assumed the right to defend the nation, to engage in war for the purpose of expelling the Greek invaders, and to determine the terms on which Turkey would be ready at any time to conclude peace with the Allies. Summoning the Parliament, declaring war, and concluding peace are three of the essential prerogatives of the Chief of State in all parliamentary countries. These prerogatives were assumed by the Turkish people. The Turkish Constitution had to be revised.

Parliamentarism had proved a fail-

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ure. The people were unwilling to take the chance of being once more — for so-called reasons of state — subjected to the dictatorship of a few leaders. A republic was not to be thought of. European republics had proved to have the drawbacks of all parliamentary governments. Besides, the proclamation of a republic in Turkey would have been too dangerous a measure to take with aggressive and powerful Soviets on the Caucasian border. Furthermore, the Sultan is a tradition in Turkey, and a Sultan with no real power is not a danger but only a luxury. The general international situation of Turkey made this luxury a necessity. The Sultan of Turkey is recognized as Caliph, or Spiritual Chief, of all Moslem countries, and through this fact Turkey can at any time exert a telling influence over the whole Moslem world. On the strength of this alone Turkey was enabled to stave off Soviet intrigues and propaganda within her territory and even to force the modification of Soviet policies in Asia.

To evolve a new form of government which would reconcile all these different requirements and would at the same time satisfy the ideals of the people was a difficult task. But upon the initiative of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the Great National Assembly — now a permanent Constituent Assembly — worked out a new Turkish Constitution, which not only has accomplished the purposes outlined above but has also given repeated proofs during these last three years of its efficiency and viability.

According to the Turkish Constitution no national or international obligation, agreement, or contract can be entered upon or even negotiated outside the Great National Assembly. For each specific case the representatives of the people elect one or more delegates, whose explicit duty is to consult with the National Assembly on all the phases of the negotiations and to enter upon any agreement, however temporary, only upon the specific authorization of the Assembly. This stringent restriction ensures the total elimination of secret negotiations; the total sovereignty of the people is respected; arbitrary action on the part of one or more dictators is made impossible. During his recent negotiations with Franklin Bouillon at Smyrna, Mustapha Kemal Pasha in person gave an example of the inability of any Turkish official to bring his country into an agreement, even in principle, without referring the whole matter to the representatives of the people. In Mudania Ismet Pasha was in the same position, and while the Turkish delegate had to consult the Turkish people, represented in the National Assembly, throughout the negotiation of the armistice treaty, the so-called plenipotentiaries of the Allies had to consult only the Premiers of their respective nations. Since the Turkish people through the Assembly were kept informed of all the turns taken by the negotiations, the Turkish authorities had no objection to the presence of their newspaper correspondents, while the Allied envoys endeavored to keep their own correspondents away even from Mudania.

The new Turkish Constitution has established in theory and in fact a totally new conception of government, in which the people are placed and maintained at the very top. This system is undoubtedly the most thorough form of government by the people yet devised in the Old World. It maintains the traditions of the country without at the same time impairing or endangering the sovereignty of the people. The future will gradually smooth out its imperfections. It most certainly will have shortcomings: nothing is perfect in this world. But the stride made by Turkey is a long one.

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BENITO MUSSOLINI

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

[*M. Naudeau is the special correspondent of* Le Temps *at Rome.*]

From *Le Temps, November* 26
(Paris Semiofficial Opportunist Daily)

Many close students of Italian affairs believe that the new dictator is still an enigma. They are not yet able to detect the keynote of his character. Most contradictory descriptions of him are given me by his own admirers. To tell the truth, his partisans themselves belong to widely different camps. Some of his champions assure me that he is growing constantly more conservative, and will crush and exterminate the Caliban of the masses. Others have assured me, with equally good faith, that this old-time Socialist will soon drift toward the Left, appeal to the masses for his support, and secure the adhesion of the trade-unions. What is the truth? How will Mussolini satisfy such a motley following?

When I met Mussolini I found him unaffected, cordial, and by no means the ogre I had imagined. He is of moderate height, slender, well set up, beyond doubt a virile and vigorous man, but he is by no means the powerful athlete that some of his followers assert. A Socialist who, in the old days, spent a year in prison with him, said, 'He is a solid, agile fellow, but no Hercules.' His brilliant black eyes sparkle and flash under a broad, domed forehead. He already shows slight traces of premature baldness. His nose is straight; his mouth large and firm; he has a trick of pursing his tight lips that gives him at times an expression far from amiable. I was particularly impressed by the fact that his face, which is round and symmetrical when seen from the front, shows a remarkably strong, projecting chin when viewed in profile — a chin truly Napoleonic, darkened by the evidence of a beard that the sharpest razor cannot erase.

Indeed, many of Mussolini's admirers say that he resembles Napoleon. If so, he is but an approximate likeness. None the less, his features scintillate fire and resolution. He is one of those commanding personalities, the secret of whose power lies in their implicit confidence in their own judgment. Mussolini believes in himself, and I no longer wonder at what one of his old comrades told me: 'Wherever he is, he has to be the master. He commands as naturally as he breathes.'

For the rest, Mussolini is a typical Italian in appearance, changing in a moment from statesman to *condottiere*, poet, comedian, or priest. Beyond question he is a remarkable man, but remarkable in what way?

The soul of every fellow being is a mystery, in whose depths we are prone to read what our preconceptions and prejudices suggest. I was a trifle disconcerted at the outset to find this Grand Master of the Black Shirts playing with a superb red rose, that he held with the tips of his fingers, upright, as if it were a sceptre. He eagerly sniffed the perfume from time to time, then suddenly began to tear apart its petals with his nervous fingers. But what was there really striking about that, after

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all? Have I not been told frequently that this enterprising and masterful journalist confrère of mine is noted as a jolly companion, a witty, sarcastic, humorous fellow, a great maker of puns and jokes? Why should he not also have a fancy for the perfume of roses, or any other little eccentricity like that?

The first quality that impressed me favorably in this young statesman, who is just tasting the first draughts of power, was his caution, his reserve in discussing public — especially international questions, which only yesterday he debated with all the fire and vigor of a popular agitator, and in a spirit that might well give his neighbors pause. But this veteran Socialist, this ex-political-criminal, this proletarian turncoat at the head of Black Shirt chauvinists, has again made an instantaneous change and has stepped from behind the scenes in a Prime Minister's frock coat. And he plays his new part with all the ease and familiarity of a Fregoli.

Mussolini assured me in excellent French: 'France and Italy should renew their former entente on a basis of equality and reciprocity: in fact, they should make it closer, more effective, more useful. There are no irreconcilable conflicts between the two countries — merely incidental discords. France should bear in mind that we are a vigorous nation of forty million people, and that we face the problem of taking care of our rapidly multiplying population. Let us knit closer the intellectual ties between our countries. I wish more Frenchmen would visit Italy, and become acquainted with the Italians of to-day, with the Italians who are now alive. Let the dead lie in their dusty tombs. I venerate the ancients; I have great respect for the masterpieces of the Renaissance; but I tell you frankly I never was in a museum or an art gallery more than twice in my life. I have been wholly absorbed in the tremendous practical problems that present themselves to a growing population. I have never had time to dream about the dead. Love Italy, but love the Italy of living flesh and blood. Be liberal to the Sicilians, who are pouring into Tunis. . . . We are already forty million in a territory too small for us. We must have room to breathe — yes, to exist.'

Mussolini then enumerated the countries where Italian immigration was meeting artificial barriers. I received the impression that he honestly considered it a sacrilege for any foreign country to refuse to receive freely the excess of Italy's overflowing population. I said to him: 'But Mr. Premier, the surface of the globe is not boundless. Your high birth rate, admirable as it is, can have no other result in the long run than to alarm your neighbors whose numbers are not multiplying.'

Mussolini fixed his flashing eyes upon me, and I could easily imagine the thoughts that fired the brain of the Grand Marshal of the Fascisti. But he restrained himself. He suddenly recalled that he was the responsible head of a Government, and shifted the conversation to peace, concord, labor, and fraternity. When I asked about the Fascisti movement abroad, he evaded it, merely observing that such organizations might serve a good purpose, by stimulating Italian patriotism in Italy's emigrants in foreign countries.

I thought to myself, that foreign Governments might have something to say as to the organization of Italian Fascisti societies, possibly demanding special privileges within their own territory; but our conversation took a different channel. Mussolini, perfectly master of himself and of his ideas, sketched succinctly and lucidly the principal problems that face his Government.

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What impression did I receive of this former school-teacher, who only a few years ago taught a little village school at a salary of fifty-six lire a month? Is he actually entitled to the dictatorship he has so boldly seized on the ground that he is the best-qualified Italian alive to solve the countless difficulties that threaten his country? His mind seems to be active and bold. His mouth shows character and firmness. He is a man having complete confidence in himself. Of that much I am certain.

His features suggest a man of superior gifts. Friends who have known him intimately for years assure me that his impetuosity and his determination are tempered by a cool, calculating mind, that weighs carefully his acts, and that he knows how to be flexible and compromising when that is necessary to attain larger ends. I believe this is true. I am convinced that Mussolini is no ordinary man. But only a supreme genius can solve Italy's present problems, and merit the dictatorial powers that Mussolini now possesses. Before he seized Rome, one of his partisans, Pietro Gorgolini, a famous Fascist of Turin, compared him in turn to Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Richelieu, Charles the Fifth, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick II, Cromwell, Napoleon, Bismarck, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Crispi. As the English say, 'that is a large order.'

Is Mussolini, then, a genius or not? I should not be at all surprised if he proved one. But I am not in a position to give that opinion now. Like most Italians, I must say, *aspettiamo* — let us wait.

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FASCIST

BY MARTIAL DE PRADEL DE LAMASE

From *Figaro, November* 18
(Paris Liberal Daily)

In the fourteenth century, Rome and all Italy were submerged in a political Slough of Despond. The verses of Dante are an immortal echo of this nation-wide pessimism. Petrarch in his *Rime* laments thus the condition of his times: —

I do not know for what crime of the people, by what law of Heaven, or decree of fate, peace is banished from these realms. The peasant goes forth armed to guard his flocks in the forests, fearing robbers more than he does savage wolves. The laborer wears a breastplate and goads his oxen with a lance. Nothing is done without arms at hand. Nowhere is there security, nowhere peace. But war, hatred, and all the works of Satan are universal.

Neither Dante nor Petrarch ventured to fathom the ultimate cause of this calamity, which was primarily political. At this time the long feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines was at its height. The Ghibellines, avid for arbitrary power, tried to concentrate their authority in the hands of a single man, and unfortunately that man was the Emperor of Germany. The Guelphs, knowing how heavy the

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Teuton yoke would be, preferred that every city and every district should govern itself and manage its own affairs. Sometimes one party and sometimes the other was in the ascendant, and whichever was on top seized its advantages to oppress and persecute its adversaries.

Meanwhile, powerful rival families — the Colonna, Orsini, Gaetani, Sacripanti — had formed leagues among themselves for exterminating each other and plundering all peaceful citizens.

The Popes, unable to remedy these disorders, had, for nearly a century, chosen to reside at Ravenna, Naples, or Milan, until at last they decided to cross the Alps and seek a more peaceful retreat at Avignon. In fact, Rome had become an impossible place of residence. Ancient authors assure us, 'Foreigners dare not go there, or if they make the attempt, do so at peril of their property and their lives.'

About a century before, the city had proclaimed itself a republic. Innocent II, who was Pope at the time, tolerated this because it accorded with his Guelph principles. The town had revived the Senate, the Consuls, and the Tribunes. But this was merely a parody of ancient Rome. Senators, Consuls, and Tribunes succeeded each other like houses of cards; the only permanent classes in society were the brigands, the assassins, and the thieves.

When these disorders first began, people consoled themselves with saying, 'They will soon cease. Such excesses of evil will bring their own remedy.' But nothing of the kind occurred. The longer the disorder continued, the worse it became.

At length a man of the people arose, who undertook to heal the evils of the State, and nearly succeeded. He drew up a programme of reforms which, if actually achieved, would in truth have brought back the Golden Age. He was a man of fiery eloquence and persuasive argument. He aroused the enthusiasm of the masses, by promising to punish criminals, no matter how high their rank, and to recall the shepherds of the people to their duty. He did not content himself with words alone; but, being a fair artist, he painted posters that appealed to the eyes of the multitude. On these he set forth in pictures what he proposed to do. Thus he soon won formidable popularity.

This man's name was Rienzi; his father had been a tavern-keeper on the banks of the Tiber. The son had completed a full course of studies according to the standards of his day, and his mind was filled with visions of the great patriots of antiquity — Brutus and the Gracchi. It was in their name that he aspired and presumed to lead his fellow citizens back to the ideals and glory of a former age.

Clement VI, who was then Pope, could hardly refuse to encourage the efforts of a man who undertook to abolish the cruel abuses of the age. Moreover, Petrarch, who had become a great admirer of Rienzi, warmly recommended him to the good will of the Pontiff. With such support, the ambitious commoner summoned the people to the Capitol, and on Pentecost day, 1347, had himself proclaimed Rector, not daring to take the title of Dictator. The Senators were politely shown the door, and a revolution was accomplished without shedding blood.

Up to this time all went well, and soon the acclamations of entire Italy and the whole Christian world were united with those of the Romans themselves. The Pope gave his approval to the triumphant reformer. Only the Mohammedans in Asia were intimidated, believing that the old power of Rome had been restored. The partisan

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leaders — I was about to say the former Prime Ministers — submitted with the best grace possible and accepted the new Citizen-Rector.

Things ran smoothly enough for a few weeks. Rienzi put several ordinances in force that conformed to the programme he had announced. What was better still, he saw that they were observed. In a word, evildoers feared him and honest citizens plucked up courage. As his friend Petrarch wrote: 'He brought back justice, peace, good faith, security — all the blessings of the Golden Age.'

But Rienzi lacked clarity of purpose, firmness, and decision. More than that, his vanity became outrageous. He who had ranted against the nobles was first to ape them. He dropped the name Rienzi, and used only his given name of Nicholas, as though he were an hereditary sovereign. He took the title 'August, Merciful Tribune, Liberator of the People, Defender of Italy, Friend of the Entire World'; he had himself crowned in the Church of the Lateran, not with a simple crown, nor with a triple crown, but with a septuple crown symbolizing the Seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. Last of all, in his proclamations he compared himself to Jesus Christ.

This became intolerable. The old partisan chiefs took up arms against him. He defeated them under the walls of Rome. After this victory his boastful vanity knew no bounds. His cupidity equaled that of the Orsini, his tyranny that of the Sacripanti. Petrarch lectured him, but in vain. His unpopularity was soon as great as his former popularity. Less than six months from the day he was acclaimed Rector of Rome, Clement VI released his subjects from their oath of loyalty.

Rienzi bent before the storm, but it was too late. His opportunity had passed. A condottiere from Naples, called Peppino, attacked and defeated him in the streets of the city, and forced him to take refuge in the Castle of San Angelo. Thence he fled to Civitavecchia and from there to Prague, where he changed his Guelph coat for the livery of the Ghibellines, and proposed to the Emperor Charles IV to make him master of the world. But Charles IV, who was a reasonable man, declined the proposal.

However, Rienzi's sudden rise to power had produced such a profound impression throughout the Christian world, and particularly at Rome, that citizens soon began to regret his departure. Another man from the people — Baroncelli — took his place, but his tyranny brought a host of new troubles about his ears. Innocent VI, who had succeeded Clement VI, decided it might be wise to replace Baroncelli by Rienzi. So he recalled the latter from exile, and restored his former authority. Rienzi was again welcomed triumphantly at Rome, and resumed his residence on the Capitoline, without effusion of blood, on the first of August, 1353.

History offers few examples of a successful return from Elba.

Misfortune had not improved the character of Rienzi. To the vices of pride and cupidity it had added those of jealousy and suspicion. He executed his prominent enemies, thereby exasperating all moderate-minded citizens, and dismissed his general Riccardo. But Riccardo refused to be dismissed. He revolted against the despot, and the common people took his side.

Rienzi tried to harangue the mob from a balcony, but was noisily refused a hearing. Finally a butcher named Cecchio del Vecchio thrust his sword through the Rector's body, and a notary, Laja, slashed his head with a sabre. His body was dragged to the

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public execution-ground and burned upon a heap of rubbish. His second reign lasted but nine weeks.

Thus finished the career of a famous agitator, whose true biography has little resemblance to the fictions of opera librettists. None the less, tradition has handed down some things in his honor: his loyal friend Petrarch wrote to the Emperor Charles IV that he could not venture 'either to absolve him or condemn him.' But the poet profited by the opportunity to remind the monarch that 'nations demand justice and peace, and it better befits their princes than an adventurer to bestow these blessings upon them.'

We may conclude that Rienzi began with pure intentions his campaign for what he called 'a good State.' But he had less vision than ambition, less strength than audacity, less ability than eloquence. In other words, he was a man who might have been esteemed an able leader if he had never exercised leadership. He recalls the judgment that Tacitus passes upon Galba, who reigned likewise but seven months: *Dignus imperii nisi imperasset* — 'worthy of being an emperor until he became one.'

Unfortunately we have to-day only too many aspiring statesmen who resemble these two personages. Do not jump at the conclusion that we allude to Mussolini. Concerning him it is yet too early to pass judgment. So far, the most striking resemblance, perhaps, between Mussolini and Rienzi is that each has had a poet among his admirers. One was called Petrarch, the other is called D'Annunzio.

BELGIAN AND AMERICAN AUTHORS

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

[*We reprint below a portion of the address delivered by the former American Minister to Belgium on the occasion of his reception as a member of the Belgian* Académie Royale de La Langue et de la Littérature Françaises, *in Brussels. It will be remembered that the American Minister was one of the few diplomats who remained in Brussels when the Government was forced to withdraw in 1914.*]

From *L'Étoile Belge, October* 8
(Brussels Daily)

By inviting me to occupy a chair in the circle of its members, the *Académie Royale de la Langue et de la Littérature Françaises* has done me a great honor. This mark of high distinction, of whose value and significance I am keenly conscious, is a source of great pride to me, and I feel deeply the generous warmth of your reception. I am truly touched by the flattering words that my friend, Albert Giraud, has just pronounced and by all the memories that his discourse recalled of a friendship forged in the hour of bitterest trial.

It is especially gratifying to be received by the literary men of Belgium in this Company, which represents the

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soul of the land and of the people. I am happy to become a part of the International Section, and to represent here, as best I may, a country where, though we may not speak French very often, we are no strangers to its accent, its beauty, and its spirit. All the great writers that have employed that language as their means of expression are known in America, and American literature, like American law, reveals their influence. Nothing is more interesting than to observe the mysterious action of these exchanges of spiritual force between different countries — the exile of a Voltaire in England, the correspondence of Mme. du Deffand with Horace Walpole, the visit of the aged Franklin to France or of the young de Tocqueville to America, the letters exchanged between Baudelaire and Edgar Allan Poe, the relationship between Verhaeren and Walt Whitman — in short, all that long series of mutual sympathies that have woven the fabric of a comprehension which is steadily growing between the peoples, and have thus created a friendship that remains a pledge of solidarity in dark and terrible hours. Despite differences of language, race, and mind, the two cultures, one Latin, the other Anglo-Saxon, have so much in common that they are becoming one in essence. By the labors and the sacrifices of their thinkers and their men of action, a system of liberty and law has been built up and a culture has developed, which, having survived a great trial, ought never again be menaced. To conserve and perpetuate them we came to their defense during the war. If it should be necessary, the men of that culture will know how to defend them in the future. But in order that the necessity may not arise, we must link more closely the bonds of sympathy and seek every means of contact suitable for the cultivation of friendship; and this, I believe, is the reason why you have had the admirable idea of grouping about yourselves the representatives of other nations.

To one who has always seen in literature the goal of his ambition, the object of his love, and the consolation of his life, and to whom the supreme reward would be to touch, one day, the hem of her garment, it is a source of happiness to be thus associated with that line of writers who make the glory of Belgian literature.

Not the least of the qualities of your literature is that it is essentially a young literature. Does it not bear the fair name of '*La Jeune Belgique?*' It is a name that recalls to you the memory of your own youth, its enthusiasms and its dreams, the memory of the works you wrote and also — perhaps there are rather more of these — the works that you, alas! did not write. It is a name that recalls to you the memories of those days when you felt within yourselves mysterious forces, half understood, the sharp necessity of artistic creation, days of intense and feverish labor, ardent and glorious struggles — in a word, the birth of that movement in which it all resulted, a movement, which, after having taken its vigor from them, gave a beautiful form to Belgian thought and the Belgian soul. It is you and your comrades of La Jeune Belgique who formed the national spirit, destined to temper its blade in the flames of the greatest and most terrible of all wars. La Jeune Belgique was not, perhaps, aware that it was to write one of the most noble and glorious epics in all history, but the resistance of the young men in 1914 *was* an epic, a noble epic; and those young men were the children of the spirit of La Jeune Belgique. Sprung from a culture that assures the liberty of the individual, of thought, and of art, and thus makes art possible, the

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young writers of Belgium were the first to throw themselves, under the ægis of their King, in the path of the invaders who assailed not merely their country, but a realm of the intellect whose frontiers have no other limit than the sweep of the wings of thought.

To my mind, the appearance of Belgium as she is to-day and the form in which she reveals herself are always those of youth. Is not Tyl Eulenspiegel the immortal incarnation of Youth itself, and does not Belgian literature begin with him? The new work of Charles De Coster is one that proves the existence, proves the reality, of the nation. A nation's existence lies in a unity of the spirit, and it lives through its poets, who give that spirit a local habitation. It is Charles De Coster's glory to have written not merely a picaresque novel of the first rank, but a great epic, representative of the people's soul which finds in it supreme expression. With all his mettle, his eternal revolt, his jesting spirit, his hope, his faith, his courage, Eulenspiegel is the supreme exemplification of youth. And then there is that sense of humor which, I am tempted to say, more than any other quality endears the soul of Belgium to us. This book is more than a great work of art: it is an act of patriotic faith and the supreme requital. Sometimes, during the German occupation, I used to read it with that mingling of delight and despair felt in the presence of a masterpiece by one who himself aspires to write, and I used to rub my eyes in surprise, so modern, so surprisingly modern did that book seem, in spite of its archaic style. I might have imagined that De Coster was there at that moment, and that he was writing the history of the occupation. In fact, he was there, or at least his creation, Eulenspiegel was there, with all the strength of his brave resistance, with his humorous pranks, and — as I should say if I were not an academician — with his *zwanzes*. [In Brussels slang, a flash of humor.]

In Eulenspiegel there is something no one can define, at once charming and touching, a quality that is revealed in all Belgian literature, something that is at once paradoxical and yet always agreeable, original, and peculiar to the soil, which gives it its national character. Turgenev, speaking of the great Russian school of his century, complained that Russian writers were always making over Gogol's *The Cloak;* it was his way of expressing his admiration of the powerful school that found its highest expression in Gogol. The Belgian writers have not rewritten *Eulenspiegel*, any more than the Russian writers really rewrote *The Cloak*, and yet there is a little of Eulenspiegel in the whole family of Belgian writers, and they all see with the same vision as your painters, one of the two first schools of painting in the world.

Eulenspiegel abounds in little scenes of familiar and intimate life that recall to us the old masters of this school, and the same characteristic reappears in the immense and various mass of Camille Lemonnier's work. He dwelt in the painters' studios before he shut himself up in his study to write. It is a good thing for a writer, especially for a novelist, to loiter in the painters' ateliers, provided he does not try to become a painter himself, for in that way he ought to learn a good many things that will be useful to him. It is his business first of all, to see his characters and scenes himself; then — and this is the difficult part of it — to make his readers see them as clearly as he does himself. You find this power in Lemonnier's work. His descriptions have a poignant realism, and in all those successive manners, in which he was groping for the style and manner that became his own, we feel this vigorous

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original quality, fundamentally Belgian, which makes him welcome in foreign lands. He was the first to reveal his people to the world outside.

Although this sense for color, this pictural gift, is the line of relationship that links him with his great colleague Verhaeren, still you find in the latter a mysticism and a spiritual quality which — by a paradox that it is not for me to explain — you always find in Flanders side by side with a taste for color and an abundant life. Verhaeren, even though he is in a peculiar sense the great poet of Belgium, became before his death the universal poet. I am so fond of his poems, they mean so much to me, that I dare not venture upon an analysis of them for fear of never finishing. Here is the same gallery of exquisite painting. Here is, first, all of Flanders, then all of the universe. He has penetrated the secrets of the contemporary soul, all its doubts, all its problems, all its hesitations; he seems to have understood the soul of his period better than any one else. And he dared to grapple with those tumultuous forces that were driving an unhappy world onward to an obscure destiny. Even in his tragic death there appears something symbolic, something whose secret he alone would have dared to plumb. He died in the midst of the great cataclysm of which he is, so far, the only poet — that cataclysm, the appalling consummation of satanic machines and satanic devices, the gigantic and sinister shadow of which was already apparent in his work. Such was his prescience, such was his knowledge of these more than human forces, that he is the poet of the great war, the only poet who could depict the conflict in its very midst.

If Verhaeren resembles our American poet, Walt Whitman, M. Maeterlinck sometimes makes me think of our poet Emerson. Both are poets, even when they write in prose. In the thought of both there is a quality that ranks their work as poetic philosophy. If there is a difference in their mysticism — for Emerson's is the mysticism of the Puritan — their transcendental quality brings them close together, and makes the work of M. Maeterlinck — always so pure, so spiritual, so refined — accessible to thousands of readers who, in America, find consolation in them.

I mention these great names in Belgian literature because I am unwilling to let slip the occasion to give expression to my admiration and my gratitude, because they sum up the qualities which constitute the glory of Belgian literature. These four names rise above the horizon like towers of a great building that from afar attracts the attention of the traveler; but when the traveler approaches he sees a whole group of other buildings. Like the statues that ornament a façade or the pictures that embellish an interior, they join to make up a fine ensemble, an integral work that will remain one of the finest monuments of contemporary literature. So our traveler, if he wishes to become acquainted with Belgian literature, will note the charming poems of Max Waller, with their fresh, youthful enthusiasm, the poems and novels of George Rodenbach, some with a mystic and voluptuous charm, others with a picturesque atmosphere that recalls the memory of Bruges with the sound of its carillons, and all that comes from olden time in that ancient capital of Flanders. He will taste the pleasant melancholy of the meditations that occupy the solitude of Octave Pirmez; he will delight in the colors of the Flemish School in the novels of Eugène Demolder; and, held by their indefinable beauty, he will linger long before the poems of Charles Van Lerberghe.

The century that saw the development of these works was a fruitful

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literary epoch. There was at the same time, in America, a movement in some respects analogous to that in your country. It was in the period following the Civil War, when, the spectre of discord and division having been laid, the national spirit grew and expanded. The great star-cluster of the New England poets — Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes — were still gleaming, but their work was done. It is beautiful work, worthy of the best traditions of English literature; careful as to form, inspired by a pure sentiment; it is the best its time produced, and it represents the best of the human spirit of that time. But there is a trend of opinion that regards it as not being sufficiently distinctive of its own country.

One of the first, if not the very first to enter this complaint was Walt Whitman. Even before the Civil War, in the poems that he himself described as 'barbaric yawps,' he demanded a purely American literature, a revolution that would sweep away all that was European. There were two young writers who more than any others gave direction to this national movement, and especially a new orientation to the novel — William Dean Howells and Henry James. While Walt Whitman was hostile to every foreign influence, these two, having lived in Europe, had brought back ideas destined to transform American literature.

Before them our novelists belonged to the romantic school. James Fenimore Cooper, whose novels are familiar to all boys, big or little, American or European, modeled his fine novels, like Henri Conscience, upon those of Sir Walter Scott. The Indian chiefs who march across his pages are rather in the heroic mould, and they talk like senators. Of greater stature is Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose masterpiece, *The Scarlet Letter*, is the best study of the Puritan soul, and will remain not merely a classic in our national literature but also a glorious work in Anglo-Saxon literature. There was also Herman Melville, Hawthorne's friend. Melville is one of those tremendous talents that are beyond classification, romantic and realist at the same time. Mark Twain, also, is hard to classify — a novelist who is sometimes realist, sometimes romanticist, sometimes humorist, and always a philosopher.

Conscious realism does not appear before the return of Howells and James from abroad. They came back saturated with the principles of the realistic school, and in their books we find for the first time novels that depict American life as it really was. They adopted realist methods, but even so they retained a predilection for subjects in accord with the taste, perhaps the prudery — if, indeed, it is not simple decorum — of the Anglo-Saxons. But James, who felt more at home in England, drew away from the movement, little by little, while Howells, remaining in America, became the master of the new school. Howells's literary interests were wide. He ransacked the European literature of his time — Italian, French, Spanish, Russian. Turgenev and, above all, Tolstoi exercised an incalculable influence over him. Endowed with fine talents, he put into practice the principles of realism, but he recoiled from 'naturalism,' and created a long series of novels depicting middle-class life in America. A whole school of young novelists, whom he encouraged and whose abilities he developed with an almost paternal care, grouped themselves around him.

The war has left an abyss between that great century and our own, an abyss as deep as that which the French Revolution created between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But we are still too close to the war to say

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what it will produce. People are writing to-day as they never wrote before, and so far as style, manner, technique are concerned, they are writing better than they ever did before. But imaginative power is not so strong. Art demands emotion, and our emotions have been exhausted. The great drama of our time was too intense, and humanity remains stunned by the shock. Art demands a peaceful world and the sensation of security. After such an orgy of destruction, an enormous amount remains to be done for the building up of civilization, and it inspires one with confidence to see that here in Belgium a keen-minded people show the same courage to work in time of peace that they showed in their own defense in time of war.

In America, where we have not suffered so intensely as in Europe, where the lives of our youth have not been squandered in so prodigal a fashion, a new school of more interesting writers is forming. It is a vigorous school, free, enthusiastic, with all the mettlesome qualities of youth. Its writers are still young enough to indulge in the luxury of poetic pessimism. Sometimes they are impatient of that discipline through which technique is developed, and, too, they are a little careless of form, forgetful of what a lover of the beautiful who lived under the Second Empire, once said: '*La forme n'est rien, mais sans la forme rien n'est.*' (Form itself is nothing, but without form there is nothing.) I am afraid that in their *vers libres* they are sometimes writing prose without knowing it, like Monsieur Jourdain.

There is still a plaintive sigh in the old proverb: '*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!*' (If only youth knew how to act, if only age had the strength to act!) But sometimes youth does know how to act. The youth of Belgium, forty years ago, knew how and had the strength. Youth knows its own time and its own epoch. If sometimes its strophes seem strange, if there is something in them that we cannot understand, perhaps the fault is in us. The youth that had to make the sacrifices during that terrible war and had to endure the most terrible sufferings, that youth which with a sublime gesture tossed away its life as if it did not matter — that youth must sometimes wonder, as Sir James Barrie said the other day, whether age, which did not know enough to avoid the pitfall of a World War, does know so very much, after all.

From the character of such a people as the Belgians and from the beauty and the traditions of such a land, the youth of Belgium will draw their inspiration and their strength. It will produce an art in which the sincerity of Memling, the intelligence of Van Dyck, and the vision of Verhaeren will join to aid the youth of Belgium in the perpetual quest for the seventh song of Tyl Eulenspiegel.

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GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND

BY F. CAUSSY

From *L'Europe Nouvelle, November* 18
(PARIS LIBERAL WEEKLY)

ANXIOUS to get away from banks, factories, and the interminable debate about Reparations, I suddenly decided to seek a brief but complete change of scene in Holland. I said to myself: 'There is a country that has managed to keep out of war and revolution. To be sure, it watched these disasters just across its borders with no little trepidation and alarm. The black clouds of the conflagration rolled unpleasantly above its own horizon, but they never permanently obscured the sun. Holland's sleek cattle continued to graze in peace, herons still wended their untroubled way across its fens and meadows. Just to see life pursuing its steady old-time tenor will be refreshing to the soul.'

The express train from Berlin to Rotterdam had scarcely come to a halt in the station of the latter city before I found myself face to face with at least one political transformation. Just think of it! — These Hollanders, without even mentioning the fact, have taken down the old barriers on the railway platforms that formerly so decorously separated the first and second-class passengers from the common run of third-class travelers. It was a most unexpected revolution. This, and the noise of the great motor-buses, until lately unfamiliar in this city, are two of the most striking changes since the great war.

I love Rotterdam for the tiny little balconies that cling to the rear of its houses, and that always remind me of the rear of the houses in Marseille. I love it for its quays, bordered with plane trees, through whose foliage the sunlight plays caressingly and teasingly upon the pavements, as it does nowhere else except at Toulon and Smyrna. I love it for the picture that its two steel bridges and its green-pointed island make. They recall on a much larger scale La Cité seen from the Pont des Arts at Paris. On the turnbridge opposite Prinsenhoock I stared at the golden mist into which vessels outward bound for the East Indies were slowly merging, while at my feet countless tugs and barges and small, fussy boats of every kind toiled upstream against the rough waters of the river. I smoked my pipe entirely at my ease amid a crowd of sailors and dockers. Most of them were men of my own age, whose homes and careers have been wrecked by the war, and who for eight years have followed a nomadic life wherever fate or fancy called them.

The Hague confirmed my impression of a revolution. I remember the Hague before the war as an immaculately neat city of dignified and worthy burghers; a city of subdued colors, with shaded avenues, parks filled with horseback riders, meat-shops of gold and marble, and magnificent fruit-stores displaying great mountains of grapes, bananas, pineapples, melons, peaches and grapefruit. There was, to be sure, one shadow in this magnificence — paupers barracked in work-houses, where they were well-housed and fed to prevent their offending the

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public eye by parading their poverty in the streets. This time I did not discover any workhouses, and poor people were as conspicuous in the streets as they are in any other country. In fact, paupers are hard to distinguish from the rest of the public, which has lost its comfortable avoirdupois, and now wears worn and threadbare clothing. The sidewalks are dusty, dirty paper is strewn about everywhere, the pretty fruit-shops have vanished, the fastidiously tidy meat-shops are dirty and neglected, and if the meat is still excellent, it is only because the succulent grasses of Holland are not subject to the same vicissitudes as human beings.

At Amsterdam the working people have always owned the streets. Every evening mechanics and laborers from the workshops and dockyards overflow Calverstraat, a narrow business thoroughfare such as we have in every provincial town of France. They throng the cinemas and settle comfortably down for the evening with their families in the *melk-salons*. But there used to be handsome cafés of the German type, where you invariably saw fashionably dressed people from the Colonies, polyglot spice-dealers, and diamond-pinned gentlemen with Assyrian beards, whose eyes had caught an infectious sparkle from the glittering treasures over which their ancestors had gloated for generations.

The cafés are still open, but they are empty. What strikes you here is not the rise of the working classes, but the fall of the middle classes. You never meet a well-dressed lady, even in the best quarters of the city. You do not even see fashionable gowns displayed in the show windows of the finer shops. The impression of general distress is heightened by the rubbish and garbage, that always floated here and there in the canals, but which has increased astonishingly since the war. You see there old mattresses, repulsive rags, and bags filled with one knows not what. As to the odor, I prefer to pass that by without description.

I tried to learn if exorbitant wages were the cause of this general upsetting. Gentlemen of the middle class told me with indignation that some workingmen earn as much as forty florins, or sixteen dollars, a week; but that is no more than many workingmen earn in Paris. The average wage of wharf laborers is from two dollars to two dollars and forty cents a day. This corresponds, as it does in Paris, with the higher cost of living. Prices of food, clothing, and other articles of necessity are practically the same as in France.

Meanwhile, the middle classes are by no means so hard-pressed as the middle classes in Paris. The higher cost of living has reduced the purchasing power of their incomes by one half; but they have had no depreciated exchange to contend with, such as — joined with higher prices — has reduced by three fourths our fixed incomes in France. So this impression of a general revolution in private fortunes, which is so much stronger in Holland than among ourselves, is due less to financial actualities than to differences of psychology. The aristocratic middle-classes of Holland cannot reconcile themselves to any narrowing of the gulf between themselves and the working-classes, that they imagined had been ordained by God for all eternity.

The ladies in Holland never tire of talking of their difficulty in finding servants. Country girls prefer to stay at home with their parents, or if they have to work, choose to work in offices and factories. So the Hollanders are forced to get their servants from Germany, Bohemia, and Yugoslavia,

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and even such servants are very exigent.

People told me at every turn that Holland was ruined. 'Consider, sir, that eight per cent of our capital — more than half a billion dollars — was invested in Russia, and that we also had large investments in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans. Then we have lost tremendously through the decline of the mark. That is a sum that no one can figure. For it was not merely garçons and barbers, as in France, who bought marks right after the armistice. Here conservative investors plunged in that currency. Yes, even some of the big banking houses, like the Marx Bank in Rotterdam, and the Association Bank.'

I replied: 'I thought that you piled up mountains of gold during the war.'

'You forget, sir, the way the Allies hampered our commerce, and how they almost starved us under the pretext of keeping us from shipping food to Germany. We had to live on sardines. To be sure, we were supposed to have made something like a billion dollars out of the war. Our East Indian Colonies made somewhat less. But what is that compared with the increased cost of living and the utter prostration of our foreign commerce? Consider our imports. They are only about a quarter what they were before the war. And even then we have to draw upon our gold reserves to pay for them; for our exports have fallen off at a still faster rate.'

What especially fires the indignation of the people who talk like this is the extravagance of the Government. They see the working-class rising; the Socialists are daily growing stronger; more liberal provisions are being made for old-age pensions and the like. Taxes do not produce enough to meet the higher public expenses, so the Government of Holland, like its neighbors, has issued treasury notes, and refunded them in long-term bonds, which it has virtually compelled the capitalists of the country to buy. However, the bankers have at last revolted, and now threaten to refuse aid in floating further loans and even to discount treasury notes. The director of the Netherlands Bank argues that the present policy of the Government is likely to ruin Holland's foreign exchange, and to alarm German and French capitalists who have deposited huge sums in that country, so that they will withdraw their money and precipitate a financial crisis.

On the other hand, there are some people in Holland who think the exchange ought to be brought down: that its present high rate prevents exportation and paralyzes industry. Dutch tobacco-manufacturers are having their cigars made in Hamburg, where wages are so much lower. Of course, a temptation always exists to plunge into a policy of depreciation and to live on credit, even though the experience of Holland's neighbors is not encouraging. I remember the saying that I used to hear in Russia before the war: 'Do not hesitate to borrow from your friend, for it is always his money that you will have in your pocket.'

At the same time, I cannot help admiring the sacrifices that the people of Holland stoically endure in order to keep up their old traditions of economy and integrity. There is even a kind of heroism in their stern, unbending financial Cato-ism in the midst of Europe's universal business-demoralization.

I expected to find Holland flooded with German bicycles. I thought everyone would be riding a cheap Berlin machine; for even our young workingmen in France are using them extensively. But the people here con-

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tinue to pay two or three times as much for English bicycles. They also continue to give their patronage with equal fidelity to our French worsted-manufacturers. The only German products I saw in abundance were trashy leather-goods, and books of every kind. The latter fact rather distressed me. I do not think the people of Holland are more under the sway of German thought than formerly. Naturally, they read the literature of a people with a kindred tongue. But like other neutrals, they appear to me to have withdrawn within themselves. They have no use for foreigners of any kind. I might except the peasants, who still greet the stranger with a friendly salute, as formerly.

But the vogue of the German book, which here enjoys a complete ascendancy over the French book, is primarily due to its intrinsic worth. German publishers have quite recovered the position they held before the war. They print 30,000 works annually, and naturally offer a wide choice to their readers. Our French publishers seem primarily intent on getting good prices. One sees the result in the book shops of Leyden and Groningen.

But this is enough of terrestrial things. Holland after all is not terrestrial; it is aqueous. Water is everywhere, sluggish and silent in the canals, splashing under the feet of the pasturing cattle, descending in constant showers from heaven, girdling every prospect with a broad blue band, beyond which lies the mystery of the Unknown.

I had consciously longed to see again the children of the audacious race that centuries ago seized and settled upon these warm, humid, rich lowlands. And I found them just as they always were, clean-cut, pink-cheeked, their eyes seeming to reflect the sunshine of those favored tropic isles that they have never seen, but whose riches they have inherited, and whose elusive but ever present charm lends an exotic touch to their art, their architecture, and their manners. With what superb indifference this hardy sailor-race, spared the horrors of the foul carnage that has defiled our land, looks down upon us strangers! What a conscious aloofness is concealed behind their simple garb! I recall a young couple in peasant costume whom I saw wandering hand in hand through the great art-gallery at Amsterdam. Their clear-eyed, innocent gaze seemed somehow to rise above the petty things of life. They seemed to exhale the fresh vigor, the utter peace with others and with themselves, that only those possess who have reconciled themselves philosophically to their humble lot. The sight of these young lovers plunged me into a long reverie, concerning what are, after all, true values in our distracted and war-torn world.

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VILLAGE LIFE UNDER HORTHY

BY DR. C. TÄUBER

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, November 22*
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Inclination as well as accident have brought me back to Hungary. I first visited the country in 1911, and spent a considerable period here two years later, when I made myself familiar with all parts of the country. Before the war Hungary was exceedingly prosperous, but at present trade is at a standstill. Imported merchandise costs an impossible price, while local produce is very cheap.

None the less, Hungarian hospitality is as open-handed as ever. The Hungarian still exhausts his sorrows — as he has throughout his history — in melancholy folk-songs. The moment he lays down the violin, that in his masterly hand is so responsive a servant to his moods, he is as ready as ever for merry laughter and jolly conversation. Budapest is still lively, though forced to put up with many a makeshift and pinching economy until better times arrive. In spite of all Hungary's disasters, her people are much better off, with their fertile fields and meadows, than Germans or Austrians. To be sure, a government clerk, whose salary is eight thousand crowns a month, is really paid but the equivalent of a dollar or so in the currency of the United States. But he receives free street-car fare, and is supplied with living quarters, flour, sugar, meat, wine, clothing, and fuel, at a very low price. Country schoolteachers are almost entirely paid in provisions and other articles of necessity, instead of in money; and most of them would not change places with their city brethren.

Yes, indeed, one can still live comfortably in the country. I am staying in a village of about two thousand people in the neighborhood of Plattensee, as the guest of a country squire. My host is a magnificent fellow. He is a scientific agriculturalist; he sings and plays remarkably well on the piano; he has marked literary gifts, and is of a philosophic temperament. Nine of his ten children are living; they range all the way from three years old to twenty-five. They are sturdy, bright young people, and every one has marked artistic talent. My host's long, rambling residence is but one story high, like the other buildings in the village. It is surrounded by flower gardens, and has a long extension in the rear, where his coachman, maids, cattle, horses, geese, ducks, and hens live in a harmonious community.

We form a jolly family-circle. The house is filled with guests from one end of the year to the other. Often a half dozen or more arrive at once. Since my host is not a man of large property, he can scarcely make ends meet in these days, living on a bountiful scale as he does. His fine old ancestral furniture is not as carefully repaired as formerly, because he lacks ready money. When a window pane is broken, one of his less treasured oil paintings is hung up to break the draft. His talented eldest daughter paints her sketches on the pasteboard tops of old hat-boxes, because canvas is now beyond her reach. Even the wealthier country-folks wear their clothing long after it is out

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of style. Happily, the people here raise their own tobacco, and their vineyards supply them with plenty of wine and brandy.

The people of the village are hard-working peasants, who live entirely on the produce of their fields, pastures, and vineyards. Taxes are very low. To be sure, these people enjoy no luxuries. The street lamps, which were never very numerous or pretentious, are no longer lighted. Most people go to bed when the chickens go to roost. No one is abroad after dark except in an emergency, and then he carries a lantern. The rutty village-streets have become fathomless bogs during the autumn rains, and sidewalks are nonexistent. There is no town water, but every peasant has his own well, the position of which is marked by a long sweep. In fact, my Hungarian village is much as the Swiss villages used to be before the French Revolution.

To be sure, we have some modern improvements. Telephones have just been introduced. There is a railway station a mile or so from the village. The main country-thoroughfares are in good condition, and now and then an automobile is seen. The people are intelligent, industrious, and sensible. Moral standards are high, and although the war has emancipated young people in the villages as well as in the cities, old customs and manners remain unchanged. I noticed that when one of the boys of the family came home for a Sunday visit from his city preparatory school he kissed his father respectfully on the hand and on the forehead. The daughters are busy all day long about their housework.

One of our neighbors, a notary, belongs to the nobility. His house possesses a considerable degree of elegance. He himself is a hard-headed but amiable character, who paints excellent pictures in oil during his leisure hours, and plays the violin and the flute remarkably well. In the homes of the poorer people that I have visited I have found the furnishings very plain and simple, but always tidy and neat, and where I have dined among the peasants, the food has always been excellently prepared and served.

The main event this autumn has been the vintage festival. My host, as usual, invited more than sixty guests to his little bungalow in his vineyard, which is some distance from the village. These included poets and politicians from the capital and officers from the neighboring garrison-town. There was much drinking and toasting; the peasants danced *csardas* with as much vim and vigor as the old-time gypsies. And my host's wife, though no longer young, and though she had been busy since early morning preparing for her guests, was not too tired when evening came to dance with the vintage laborers until late at night.

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AN ITALIAN APPRAISAL OF HEINE

BY ZINO ZINI

From *La Stampa, November* 4
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Heine was not one of those universal conquerors in literature whose personality wins the immediate and unqualified admiration of the world. His life and his writings are rather a confession of defeat, as if he felt forced to acknowledge the betrayal of his highest hopes, and to take refuge in a tormented and ironical nihilism. He never succeeded in asserting fully his individuality and compelling the world to accept the real spiritual message that he might have brought it.

An appreciation of this fact has disposed critics either to overrate him or to underrate him. The former try to discover in his work an original and characteristic manifestation of modern thought. However, in reality Heine possessed a hypersensitive and morbidly excitable temperament, which seized with capricious avidity upon every new idea in philosophy and æsthetics, and every new political or social theory that agitated his turbulent and contradictory age. He accepted, without coördinating them, opinions, creeds, manifold and discordant tendencies, and consequently often fell into incoherence and volubility.

These weaknesses were accentuated by the fervor of his passionate temperament, that caused him to attack with bitter ridicule and sarcasm even his intimate friends and associates of yesterday, when they disagreed with him. Thus his whole life became involved in an atmosphere of personal hatreds and wordy controversy, as injurious to his own fame as to that of his opponents — unhappy echoes of which continue to be heard even around his tomb.

On the other hand, they underrate him who disparage his creative and poetic genius and seek to depreciate his æsthetic service to literature by representing him as a mere poetaster, or worse still, a buffoon; who describe him as an overgrown, imaginative, capricious child whose life was an alternation of affectation and irony; the unhappy half-naïve, half-malicious victim of the rôle of a tortured harlequin, that was imposed upon him, and forced him — when his fatal illness at last stretched him upon a bed of agony — to mask the physical and moral sufferings of a real martyrdom under a guise of bitter humor.

Some of his sterner — and less just — critics, may have been persuaded thus to disparage Heine's poetic genius because they were misled by the childishly approving ear that his muse lent to the popular songs and ballads in which the humble people of all nations are wont to express their primitive emotions. He culled the dreams of the common people, fresh from the rustic hedges on which they bloomed. He clothed his poetry in the lucid and simple words of popular balladry. But there is always a discordant note. Invariably the tenderness, the homesickness, the yearning and longing — *Sehnsucht* — that lent them their melody was overcast, and even at times was completely dominated, by a strident key of bitter satire that not in-

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frequently degenerates into captious banter and Aristophanic trifling.

But if Heine was perchance less than a philosopher, he was certainly more than an ordinary hedgerow songster and a witty banterer. He was a poet, and after all, this was the most that he aspired to be. *Es ist nichts aus mir geworden als ein Dichter* — 'All I have amounted to is a poet.' And he was right. He was a marvelous harp that vibrated at the touch of every human touch, calling forth smiles and tears, innocent or satanic laughter. His soul, like life itself, was a stage for the most strident contrasts.

Born at the boundary between two centuries, — as he says, 'The last beams of the eighteenth-century moon and the dawning rays of the nineteenth-century sun played about my cradle,' — and, a German Jew, sprung from that Rhenish territory where France and Germany meet, Fate seemed from the first to suspend him, so to speak, over an abyss of contradictions: revolution and restoration, aristocracy and democracy, Christianity and Judaism, classicism and romanticism. Add to all this the privations and disappointments of a man who never was able to solve the practical problems of existence, but was defeated in every attempt he made to 'build himself a little cabin in the sun.' He lacked and abhorred the traditional business-instincts of his race. He failed as a lawyer and as a teacher, and his career as a writer was a constant struggle with poverty. As if this were not enough, he was twice disappointed in love — painful wounds, both to his heart and to his vanity. This double trial clouded his whole after-life with unhappiness. It is a sad story. Love becomes to him a hateful and envenomed thing. The vision of his dreams, 'the flower of flowers,' passes, leaving behind agony and a ruined life.

A long time after one of these experiences he wrote to Gerard de Nerval, 'I have always suffered from a love tragedy in my youth that lies buried in my heart but will not die.' Again and again the poet returns to this episode in his writing — to the bitter memory of the blonde maiden, 'so sweet and yet so cold.'

However, we must be on our guard against exaggerating the effect upon Heine's life of his unrequited love for his two nieces, Amelia and Theresa, the rich daughters of the banker Solomon, who used to say of his relative Harry: 'If he was good for anything he would not have to write books.' His disappointment was not actually such an irretrievable disaster to his heart; and we may doubt whether it played the same part in his real life that it plays in his poems. Heine was never a man to be enslaved by one grand passion. The truth is, and he makes no mystery of it, that he was exceedingly prone to form fugitive attachments.

Heine's erotic pessimism is compounded of self-illusion, melancholy, and spiritual lassitude, and is wont to pass abruptly into cynicism, irony, and premeditated self-torture. He sought to emancipate himself from this by travel. He loved the mountains and the sea, particularly the latter. Human troubles became petty before the imposing majesty of nature. Their intrusive clamor was silenced at the sight of the ocean. Heine is a great marine poet. The sea stands as an ideal in all his poems. 'I love the sea like my own soul. It often seems to me that the sea is my very soul itself, with its furious tempests and its deceptive calms. As the sea contains submarine plants that never rise to the surface except at the moment when they flower, and that sink into its dark abysses when their brief ecstasy of life is over, so from the

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depths of my own soul arise marvelous visions of azure-eyed, red-lipped flowers, lilies of purity and roses of beauty, that for a moment breathe their perfume upon the world, and disappear.'

In 1827 Heine published his first volume of poems — *Buch der Lieder*. This volume marked a new epoch in German literature and assured Heine's permanent fame. It is a full confession of his soul, with its rose-tinted summits and its black abysses; with its sweet smiles and its infernal grimaces. Therein the author revealed himself in all his mutable moods, in his most thoughtless and contradictory moments as self-interpreted in nature and legend, in the real or in the imaginary past. Yet throughout there ran an implacable irony that often distorted or concealed the poet's ideal and lyric world.

His verses possessed all the fresh spontaneity of popular ballads. They impressed themselves upon the memory. They touched the hearts of the people. They called forth a responsive thrill of sympathy from his countless readers.

Likewise his *Reisebilder*, where he gathered together his traveler's impressions of England and Italy, betray the same extreme subjectivity, which prevents his understanding and appreciating objectively the things he saw and the people he met. These merely supplied new objects for his inexhaustible flow of irony. He utterly failed to see the new political aspirations that were stirring in Italy. What he did see and satirize was the evident disproportion between her past and her present. When he sat in the amphitheatre at Verona, listening to the pompous periods of Brighella and Tartaglia, he reflected that from those same seats the Romans had watched the bloody battles of gladiators and wild beasts. The shades of the great men of old seem to defile before him. But just then the melancholy peals of the Angelus reached his ears: 'The proud shades of the Roman past vanished, and I was thrust back into the Catholic Apostolic and Austrian present.' For that matter he was not in a mood to discover much beauty in our country. 'Nothing is more tiresome than a journey in Italy, unless it be to write a description of that journey.'

Heine was so discontented in his native Germany that he sought refuge in France, where he lived, except for a few brief intervals, in voluntary exile from 1831 until his death in 1856. Someone called him a nightingale that had migrated from the northern forests to nest in Voltaire's wig.

During the first years of his residence in Paris, Heine became acquainted with Eugénie Mirat, whom he later married, although there was not the slightest intellectual or spiritual affinity to render tolerable such a bond. The infirmity that early threatened him with permanent invalidism gradually grew worse, but Heine fought against it with unrelenting vigor, and continued his literary activity.

The emotional instability which we have mentioned as so characteristic of Heine was combined with an intense love of life, that incessantly spurred him on to new struggles, notwithstanding his repeated discomfitures and defeats. He was always a fighter, fighting for social and political reforms, fighting against his own handicaps and misfortunes, fighting valiantly to his last breath. He was at heart a pantheist. He identified himself with all the living world. He had a mystical or fanciful interpretation for all Nature's symbols, and believed that the life and purpose of the individual and of humanity were one with the life and purpose of the material universe.

But this identification tempted him

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to extend the discordant contradictions of his own interior world to all living nature, so far as she shares in the life and aims of men. *Fragmentarisch ist Welt und Leben.* It was as thus conceived that he apprehended, envisioned and passionately loved nature.

Heine's spiritual development falls into three distinct stages: first, the acute crisis of life and suffering, expressed in his *Lieder.* This period was characterized by sensuousness, infatuated contemplation of Nature, and pantheistic interpretation of her phenomena. In the second period of his development social and political questions preoccupied him. The poet was impelled to turn the light of his spiritual fire and the shafts of his irony upon the speculative and practical problems of life — *Zeitgedichte, Atta Troll, Germania.* He was consumed with a profound longing for a new life, although he concealed this aspiration behind a mask of bitter ridicule. The last period, in which his individualist aspiration and his sensuousness alone survived, was characterized by a complete absorption in attachment to life itself, that became more powerful precisely in the degree that he was isolated and deprived of all that life bestows. This period reached its tragic conclusion in the *Romanzero.*

DICKENS AND MEREDITH

BY JAMES MOFFAT

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From the *Hibbert Journal, October*
(RELIGIOUS QUARTERLY)

IT was at the Saracen's Head in Towcester that the editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette* astonished Mr. Pickwick by informing him that a critic on the staff of his newspaper had just written an article upon Chinese metaphysics. ' "An abstruse subject," said Mr. Pickwick. "Very, sir," replied Mr. Pott; "he crammed for it, to use a technical but expressive term; he read up for the subject, at my desire, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*" "Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick; "I was not aware that that valuable work contained any information respecting Chinese metaphysics." "He read, sir," said the editor, laying his hand on Mr. Pickwick's knee, and looking round with a smile of intellectual superiority, "he read for metaphysics under the letter M, and for China under the letter C, and combined his information, sir." '

At first sight a study of Dickens and Meredith might seem only possible as the result of a similar effort to combine information artificially. The two novelists appear remote from one another in style and spirit. Their names suggest points of contrast rather than anything else. Dickens with his broad popular appeal, Meredith with his smaller audience of people who 'con-

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sent to be thwacked by a fantastic delivery of the verities'; Dickens with humor predominant, Meredith with wit and all the self-consciousness and cleverness born of wit; Dickens splashing in sentiment, Meredith the scorner of sentiment; Dickens direct and generally journalistic in style, Meredith apt to be allusive, jerky, and compact. . . . Their methods of story-telling seem to belong to different worlds. Yet the worlds touch. Meredith never refers to Dickens in his essay on Comedy, probably because comedy meant for him dramatic comedy; but he knew Dickens and admired him. Even as Meredith went his own road, the spirit of his older contemporary in Victorian fiction sometimes influenced him more or less unconsciously.

Both were Hampshire men, though Dickens made himself a man of Kent, and though he never knew cricket, Hampshire's pride, as Meredith did — otherwise he could not have written the absurd sentence about the Dingley Dell innings. When Meredith described cricket, as in *Evan Harrington* and *Diana of the Crossways*, he knew better than that, even if he could not create a spectator and critic in the pavilion like Mr. Alfred Jingle. Both men were also Londoners; London streets and the London river, London theatres and London society, fill some of their most characteristic pages. Both were passionately fond of walking, though Meredith did his by day. Both suffered in marriage. Both were lovers of France. And both lived in a full-blooded Homeric enjoyment of eating and drinking. Meredith's wine chapters and feasts at inns are as catching as those in Dickens, though he hints that his convivial persons show their culture as well as their sociability, their taste in wine being part of their appreciation of life.

These common features lie on the surface. It is more apposite to notice, for example, their common interest in boys, which was comparatively new in our fiction. Henry Kingsley certainly makes use of children in his novels. But Dickens and Meredith first found out the value of the boy. The real boy, I mean, for Paul Dombey was never a boy, and the Fat Boy was never anything else. But David Copperfield as Trotwood, Pip, Joe, Kit with his red cheeks and shock-head, Todger's boy, and the glorious Trabbs's boy, show what Dickens could do in this line. Most of them are on an humble social plane; but boys are boys on any plane, and they are not far from the boys who are so mischievous and merry in Meredith's novels, and who are dear to him because they are so unsentimental. There is Crossjay in the *Egoist*, for instance, who 'was not only indolent, he was opposed to the acquisition of knowledge through the medium of books, and would say, "But I don't want to" in a tone to make a logician thoughtful' — like Mr. Weller's friend, the charity boy.

As a rule, Meredith's boys are happier, for Dickens has his eye mostly on the sufferings of boys in the lower classes and at school. Yet both novelists were alive to the problem of popular education, which was beginning to agitate the English mind about the middle of the last century. Dickens indeed represents the earlier phase of protest against its abuses; Meredith is the more constructive thinker of a later day. Few wiser things have been written on education than his words in *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, or earlier in *Richard Feverel*, upon the aims and methods of education. When Dickens wrote, it was the brutality of some English schools that required reform; the children were cruelly treated and their imaginations were being starved.

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Meredith's eye was on the education of the upper classes, which was inadequate and stiff rather than coarse, as he saw it, unequal to the demands of a wider age.

Certainly no one, not even Tennyson, did more to put vitality into the demand for the higher education and ampler opportunities of women. Women, I find, do not often care for Dickens, perhaps because he takes a Victorian limited view of their functions, perhaps because the henpecked husband is so common in his tales. Almost the only woman with strength of mind is Miss Betsy Trotwood. But, if women have any gratitude, and if gratitude ever acts as a motive in the choice of reading, they ought to buy, read, and study Meredith.

The two men also agreed in their antipathy to ecclesiasticism. With Dickens, this was rooted in his objection to Christianity as he often found it — not simply indifferent to social reform but presented as a religion which ignored the human no less than the humane, amounting to 'a gloomy sacrifice of tastes and sympathies . . . austere faces, inexorable discipline, penance in this world and terror in the next — nothing graceful or gentle anywhere.' He knew and drew good clergymen. But we almost forget their outlines in the gallery which is bright with Mr. Stiggins, the Rev. Melchisedech Howler, and the preacher at Little Bethel. In organized religion Dickens saw generally little more than hotbeds of hypocrisy. Taine has pointed out acutely that, unlike Molière, he did not select a typically religious man as his supreme hypocrite. Mr. Pecksniff, no doubt, has the language of piety at his command ('Charity and Mercy! not unholy names, I hope'); he can talk so nobly of the soul that Mrs. Lupin wonders not to see a stained-glass glory of the saints shining over his head; he likes Tom Pinch to be organist in the local church, as his young man. But he is a moralist. Taine is right in emphasizing that. Nevertheless Dickens did find material for his satire and caricature of hypocrisy among religious people as well as among philanthropists and moralists. Carlyle's influence is marked at this point, just as it is in Meredith.

The Comic Spirit, Meredith explains, is 'only hostile to the priestly element, when that, by baleful swelling, transcends and overlaps the bounds of its office . . . as for example the spectacle of Bossuet over the dead body of Molière: at which the dark angels may, but men do not, laugh.' Meredith's novels introduce us to Anglican curates and rectors more often than to dissenters. He despises them too heartily to pillory them, though once a Tractarian cleric is ridiculed as 'a kind of bitter, clawed, forked female, in vestments over breeches.' As a rule, they are amorous, brainless, and heavy. He too shares the antipathy of Dickens to an ultra-Puritan misreading of Christianity, as though the good were synonymous with the ugly and the uncomfortable. 'The peacemaker with Providence performing devotional exercises in black bile' — that is one of his acid phrases for the ordinary hymn.

But his principal charge against the clergy is their devotion to the status quo. They are 'Society's trusty rock-limpets,' another buttress of the traditional in life. He could admit an honest one to his pages, like Woodseer's nonconformist father in the *Amazing Marriage*, but his reasoned objections to Christianity led him further than Dickens's instinctive antipathy to unworthy representatives and representations of that religion. However, if he and Dickens touched the clergy unkindly, it may be claimed

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that, like the lawyers, the editors, the hospital nurses, and the medical students, in short like everyone except the Barnacles in Government offices, we have had the grace to profit by their words and wounds.

Mid-Victorian England gave both novelists another cue in the rise of the manufacturing classes to wealth, the social changes produced by a phenomenon like the extension of the railway system, and the prosperity of a new set of people, who had hitherto been outside Society. Lady Dorothy Nevill has enabled us to understand from the inside the invasion of society during the forties and the fifties which began to break up the earlier exclusiveness. With the help of her pages we can fill in the background of both novelists. Meredith's chosen soil was society — the upper and middle classes of England, people with some leisure and means; so that this profound displacement came home to him. No doubt Dickens also, especially in later books like *Our Mutual Friend* and *Little Dorrit*, had noted the rise of the new wealth and its incipient alliance with the aristocracy. But Meredith had opportunities for a deeper analysis. The rise of the manufacturing aristocracy in the sixties, the seventies, and the eighties, which effected a partial transformation of English society, was only beginning when Dickens drew Mr. Bounderby and the Merdles. He could do justice to the manly side of the movement, as in the case of Mr. Rouncewell the ironmaster, but the inferior side of it offered him rich material for satire.

Now, while Dickens's main count against the *nouveaux riches* was that they were heartless, Meredith charged them with being brainless. Dickens deprived them of their wealth, by what he considered dramatic justice; Mr. Merdle's money vanishes, like Mr. Dombey's. Meredith made them lose themselves, not their money. He does refer casually to 'the Puritan rich of the period, emerging by the aid of our extending wealth into luxurious worldliness, and retaining the maxims of their forefathers for the discipline of the poor and erring' — a caustic sentence! But what he objected to principally in these rich upstarts was their imperviousness to ideas and their disposition to be content with the existing social order. They are selfish? Yes, said Meredith, but the fault is still more radical: they will not think.

We might almost argue that the effect of money accumulating in a few hands is found by Meredith not in the suffering entailed upon the poor but in the untoward results for the owners and their children.

It was in this connection that the passion for mounting in the social scale amused and interested Meredith. He set himself to study it as it was fostered by sudden wealth and as it fostered snobbishness, unreality, and sentimentalism. One of the contemporary questions which engaged the mind was, What is a gentleman? Now, since 1850 Dickens had been editing *Household Words*—editing it and contributing to it. Meredith also contributed to the paper, not novels but verses. When Dickens quarrelled with his publishers, Messrs Bradbury and Evans, *Household Words* became *All the Year Round*, and in 1860 he started the serial publication of *Great Expectations*, in which the false ambition that led Pip to be ungrateful to Joe and feel ashamed of the forge and of Biddy, was the snobbish passion for being a gentleman, on the score of the money which he imagined was his by special favor of Miss Havisham.

The greater Victorians took this seriously; you find Ruskin and New-

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man discussing the meaning of 'gentleman' in the abstract. But what is most interesting for our present purpose is the odd coincidence that Meredith's contribution to *Once a Week*, the rival magazine to *All the Year Round*, was a novel with exactly the same motive. In October, 1860, he had nearly killed the paper with *Evan Harrington*, which, to our amazement, missed the public. But the striking thing is that he had anticipated the notion which was in the mind of Dickens as, two months later, he launched *Great Expectations* upon its successful course. The subtitle of *Evan Harrington* is, *He Would Be a Gentleman*. Evan was tempted to despise trade, incidentally brewing, but especially tailoring. Like Pip, he was at first snared by showy social pretentions, then disillusioned, and finally made alive to the real qualities of a gentleman. Meredith's novel took a wider and deeper view than that of Dickens. He made allowance for the fact that birth and blood do count, even while he was deriding the conventional disparagement of trade. But it remains remarkable that in that very year he had deliberately attempted in fiction to do what Dickens was about to do, exposing false ambitions and unmanly conceptions in those who desired to be gentlemen.

After they had lit up 1861 with *Great Expectations* and *Evan Harrington*, both men paused for a little, Dickens occupied with editing his magazine and with public readings, Meredith writing poetry and acting as a war-correspondent in Italy. The next novels they published, almost simultaneously, show them further apart. *Sandra Belloni* has few points of contact with *Our Mutual Friend*. No doubt, both tales reflect the social rise of the *nouveaux riches* in London — that affinity between the later Dickens and the earlier Meredith which we have already noticed. Both circle round London merchants and their doings. But, apart from other considerations, Meredith was now doing in his own style what George Eliot did, developing fiction out of a distinct philosophical theory; and, although that theory of life and religion found expression in his verse rather than in his novels, yet the latter were being written under its influence, and this meant a departure from the more naïve attitude of Dickens. *Sandra Belloni* emphasizes this. Yet there is one odd reminder of Dickens in it. We know poor Mr. Guppy in *Bleak House*, the little law-clerk who for prudential reasons loved and wooed Esther Summerson, haunting the theatre when she was present and gazing up from the pit with hair untended, collar awry, and woe depicted on his fatuous face, that is, with a carefully prepared expression of profound dejection. Well, Meredith has that also in *Sandra Belloni*. Braintop, the young clerk, is also in love; he too looks up adoringly to the box in the theatre where his bright, particular star, Emilia, sits far above him. Only Braintop was more careful about his personal appearance than Mr. Guppy; 'he took an opportunity furtively to eye himself in a pocket-mirror.' But this may be no more than a curious coincidence, like the similarity between the two novelists in their use of family reminiscences in *David Copperfield* and *Evan Harrington*, where some rather unfilial suggestions for the picture are taken from the author's father.

A broader comparison of their works will disclose the organic relation between the two men. For example, there is the question of social morality. We know how the fear of offending Mrs. Grundy, or rather of vexing the

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prudish soul of James Ballantyne, made Scott handicap *St. Ronan's Well* by hesitating to reveal the real connection between Clara Mowbray and her lover. He blurred that, and spoiled the story. Dickens had done the same in *Dombey and Son*, by evaporating the intrigue between Mrs. Dombey and Carker. The result was, that the plot suffered. Meredith from the very first had the courage to take the plunge, even though many in Victorian England disapproved of his frankness. In *Richard Feverel* he drew the young man and the strange woman as they were. Both novelists did treat tenderly the fallen woman who remains essentially pure, who is the victim rather than the temptress. Emily in *David Copperfield* belongs to the same class as Dahlia in *Rhoda Fleming;* in each case the novelist punishes the aristocratic seducer, the one by killing him, the other by letting him live and miss what he sought. In both novels, by the way, emigration appears as the way out of the difficulty for the girl — which is quite intelligible, if we remember what the Colonies were considered to be in Victorian England. But the franker tone of Meredith upon the whole question of the sexes is noticeable. Dickens was unable to work quite clear of the atmosphere in which Mr. Podsnap lived, where the question that settled everything was, Would it bring a blush to the cheek of the young person? Besides, he was writing for a circle of domestic readers in *Household Words*, and rightly he had to be careful. At the same time, a comparison of their methods in dealing with this topic enables us to measure the advance made within a single generation, an advance partly due to the unflinching spirit of Meredith himself.

In passing from Dickens to Meredith we can also note an advance in cosmopolitanism. Both were fond of traveling on the Continent. Neither spared the England they both loved. But when Dickens traveled and looked at other countries, he rarely attained the detachment of mind which is essential to fruitful traveling. He applied his English measure to them with rather an offhand air. He laughed at this patriotic self-superiority in the Americans, but he was not quite free from it himself, from the insularity which Meredith satirized in Sir Willoughby Patterne, who traveled round the world, including America, 'holding an English review of his Maker's grotesques.' Meredith is patriotic, but he is never insular, as Dickens is apt to be. It is needless to labor this point. But one evidence of Meredith's breadth of mind is furnished by his plea, in *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, for the cosmopolitan idea of educating English boys along with foreign boys, in order to bring nationalities together and to enable England and the Continent to understand one another better — 'our healthy games, our scorn of the lie, manliness; their intellectual valor, diligence, considerate manners.'

Again, Meredith shows a surer touch and greater skill in portraying English gentlemen. He knew country-house life and the upper classes, in their strength as well as in their weaknesses. He was an impenitent Radical, politically, but he could draw Conservative aristocrats without caricaturing them, doing ample justice to their great qualities; the sturdy squire in the *Adventures of Harry Richmond* and Romfrey, the rich landowner in *Beauchamp's Career*, are real figures. He knew political and social life among the upper classes. There he found much to appreciate, as well as many a foible to deride, especially self-satisfaction and the inability or the disinclination to think. The latter weak-

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ness made the rich, whether old or new, rich material for the comic spirit in the novels. Mr. Dombey is proud, but he is proud of being a London merchant; Dombey and Son is the title for his ambition. Now Meredith met wealthy men who were proud of other things than their wealth, and proud of the wrong things — proud of rising in the social scale to be gentlemen, for example. Their fatuous pride laid them open to repeated strokes of humor, which he administered just because he understood what real gentlemen were. He can draw the genuine article and the imitation with equal success. Dickens, again, never found his favorite ground in good London society, although at one time he had the entrée to it. Even in *Our Mutual Friend*, when he comes to draw the *nouveaux riches*, he is really more at home with Mr. Silas Wegg and the Wilfers. The fact is, Dickens had a class-feeling which hampered his range, while Meredith had too broad a mind to allow himself to read any class in the country through the medium of democratic prejudices.

This raises another question—but of affinity rather than of contrast. Both Dickens and Meredith reflect the hostile criticism which was stirring against officialism during the latter half of the last century. Among the immediate effects of the Civil War in America, historians have noted a diminished respect for the State. The temper of mid-Victorian England, as Dickens and Meredith were writing, cannot be understood apart from the opprobrium incurred by the Government in consequence of their mismanagement of the Crimean War. Carlyle's attack upon the mental and moral deficiencies of England had included Downing Street, and men felt that the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* perhaps were not so extravagant after all. Dickens and Meredith were writing in that epoch of reaction and disillusionment, when the efficiency of the State was being questioned in wider regions than those of social reform or of education. Both novelists indicate the mood of an angry, humiliated country. Dickens saw officialism as the root of the trouble; Meredith, with keener eyes, detected a lack of brain-work, at once the cause and the effect of self-conceit. But they were at one in their caustic criticism of Governments that did not govern.

Still, literature does not live by any amount of well-meaning criticism of institutions or social abuses. It may include that, but, as we can see from Aristophanes onwards, it must be imaginative and genial if it is to last. Whenever the novel, in particular, surrenders itself to propaganda, its artistic qualities are almost certain to suffer, for propaganda dries up the sense of proportion which keeps wit and humor alive. Both Dickens and Meredith carry on the healthy tradition of English fiction at its best, which combines a criticism of life with warmth of imagination, with a richness of nature which tends to exhilarate, to warm the blood, to melt frost, and to scatter mists. This is essential to the spirit of comedy.

A happy ending is not required for a novel of this quality; neither Dickens nor Meredith provided that finish as a rule, though it must be admitted that Dickens felt the drag of his great public in the direction of bliss for the last chapter. What is required is much more fundamental—the temper which makes Meredith put this sentence into the lips of a sorely tried woman in middle life, 'Who can really think, and not think hopefully?' — the temper which breathes from the middle-aged gentleman in *Pickwick*, who wakened Mr. Pickwick early one mon-

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ing by shouting to him from the garden. Mr. Pickwick 'looked to the right but he saw nobody, his eyes wandered to the left and pierced the prospect; he stared into the sky, but he was n't wanted there; and then he did what a common mind would have done at once — looked into the garden, and there saw Mr. Wardle. "How are you?" said that good-humored individual, out of breath with his own anticipations of pleasure. "Beautiful morning, ain't it? Make haste down and come out." ' A middle-aged gentleman, breathless with his own anticipations of pleasure!

THE SCOTTISH CHAUCERIANS

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*Mr. Golding is a brilliant young English writer of prose and poetry whose literary career began before he was out of Oxford. In company with Robert Graves, Alan Porter, and Edmund Blunden he led the literary renaissance that won for Queen's the reputation earlier attributed by Johnson to Pembroke — 'that nest of singing birds.' The two volumes of the* Queen's College Miscellany *which he edited are now a desirable acquisition for the bibliophile. While in the University, Mr. Golding was literary editor of several newspapers. He assisted Mr. Thomas Moult in founding the magazine* Voices *(since defunct) and by twenty-five was the author of two volumes of verse and a novel which had to be reprinted within six months of its appearance. It is agreeable to find, in this essay, that at least one modern writer does not scorn his predecessors.*]

From the *Saturday Review, November* 25
(London Tory Weekly)

Unhappy are the poets of dialect. They might be conceived as seated unsteadily upon a three-legged stool, whereof the legs are their master language, the dialect of it they have adopted or that has adopted them, and their one sure support of poetry. How much happier had the fate of the Scottish Chaucerians been had they taken the precaution to be born in China or Peru. Alas for that lovely company, King James and Henryson, Dunbar and Douglas! The obscurest poet of the obscurest Mongolian race is sure of his Judith Gautier or Arthur Waley or Powys Mathers, to detach him from his darkness sooner or later, and to set him burning among some constellation of 'Colored Stars.'

If Dunbar had been a Chinese waiter in a London restaurant, if James had but been a railway porter in Bath, what praise would have been too lavish for so distinguished a music as they devised? I have always felt that they are set dubiously upon a border-line of appreciation, these Scottish post-Chaucerians. They are not read with enthusiasm in Scotland. Is it because the forms they wrote in were imported from a foreign land then so hostile? They are hardly read in England at all, saving in the Universities. Is it because their dialect is too difficult? But it is a tenth as difficult, perhaps, as the Romance poetries that Englishmen read so assiduously. Shall Mr. Scott Moncrieff need to transfer

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his attentions from the *Chanson de Roland* to 'The Thrissil and the Rois'? An examination of the forgotten virtues of these poets may not be without interest in an age sickening of those new virtues, so loudly thrust upon it, which are neither virtuous nor novel.

In the weak eyeballs of academicians the virtues of the Scottish Chaucerians are blurred in the glory thrown about them by the sun of Chaucer. But it is possible to overestimate even Shakespeare, as we can impute thirty thousand feet to Everest. So Chaucer is rather lost wholly than loved wholly by the declaration that he was greater in each respect than each member of this community of poets who derive their immortality, alas! more from his name than from their own high merits. Chaucer's greatness lies not in his detail but in his mass, in so much being less than Shakespeare, whose greatness is surpassed in neither mass nor detail. It is the multiplicity of the man, Chaucer, the abundance of his large lungs breathing, this laughing colossus standing wind-towsled over his age, that so cheats the airs from our puny pinnaces.

Obviously enough, none of the Scottish company is a colossus. They are great in their detail rather than their mass. And it is in the beauty of their texture, their delight in the threads they weave into comely silken patterns like Henryson's 'Robene and Makyne,' stout tapestries like the 'Prologues' of Douglas, that they anticipate the marvelous housewifery of Spenser, and, at their highest, in the sweetness and strength of 'The Golden Targe,' that they anticipate John Keats, the last of their line.

Their mediævalism is imputed to them now as a virtue, now a fault. It is no more a virtue than a man's skin. Or the term is applied to them as a statement of their limitations. This seems a graver consideration. They are not, we learn, original 'makers.' Without Chaucer they fall to the ground; once more these poets seize the antiquated orange of allegory, attempting once more to squeeze thence new drops of invention. James has his allegory, 'The Kingis Quair,' Henryson his Chaucerian Testament; Dunbar and Douglas, poets who should have known better, still embrace their fruits of allegory. These critics state an obvious enough truth. These poets certainly made use of long-familiar forms. Yet apart from the fact that at least three of them were highly original elsewhere in their writings (and who knows but that time has ruthlessly swallowed other work of James than his 'Quair' and 'Good Counsel,' and work no less original than a prologue of Douglas?), yet the criticism is parallel to a condemnation of the Elizabethans for not forging entirely new plots.

Whether the form of the Scottish Chaucerians was native or derivative, or their language a blend of northern and southern modes, their achievement was poetry, of which there is so little in the world, of which there cannot be too much. One feels that if Gower had lived to-day, he would not have attempted Parnassus' slope. He would have found the cinema a more effective instrument of moral suasion and have written scenarios for films of religious propaganda. Lydgate would have been a Civil Servant writing letters to the reviews mildly repudiating Mr. Bayfield on Shakespearian versification. The Scottish Chaucerians, who were poets of the fifteenth century, would have been poets to-day.

It is the fashion to sneer at the Chaucerians, when any attention is paid them at all, for their 'aurification' of the English tongue — their deliber-

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ate introduction of Latinisms. No critic who finds this a fault can have a keen insight into the making of poetry. These poets were conscious of an abounding sensuous delight in the world. It was perhaps a courtly, almost a sophisticated delight; yet it was sincere and urgent; they sought for a vocabulary to express their emotion in the language as left by Chaucer; but the language of Chaucer was not meticulous enough, not adequately jeweled. Hence we find in them that deliciously inquisitive search for musical Latin trisyllables, for fine melodies — a process which, though essentially smaller in nature, anticipates the majestic Latinizings of Milton and the later trilingual symphonies of Francis Thompson.

Of these poets the simplest and most naïve was James; simplest, that is, in spirit. For the stanzas of the 'Kingis Quair' are constructed with so clear a music and the architecture of the poem is so gracefully poised that James displays himself a craftsman of high rank. The poem manifests a charming and precocious sympathy for living things outside his royal self: —

> The bird, the beste, the fisch eke in the see,
> They lyve in fredome, everich in his kind:
> And I a man, and lakkith libertee!

So is his 'lytill swete nightingale' heard by him to chant its feat love-ditty; so can no strain be sadder than his attempt at self-delusion: —

> It is nothing, trowe I, but feynit chere,
> And that men list to counterfeten chere.

Or when fortune finally favors his suit, he utters thanksgiving in a passage among the most exquisite of early love-poetry — thanks to the nightingale, it may be, and to the gilly-flower, and thanks to the fair castell wall.

Henryson is as delicate as James, but he has more variety and skill. 'Robene and Makyne' holds an important place as the first of English pastorals, but it is intrinsically a worthy sire to *The Shepheard's Calendar* and *Comus*. It is full of modulations effected with fine artistry. Nothing could be chaster than its concluding silhouette: —

> And so left him boyth wo and wreuch
> In dolour and in cair,
> Kepand his bird under a huche
> Amang the holtis hair.

We have to travel far before we discover the precedent established by Henryson adopted; such a continuation of another man's work as 'The Testament of Cresseid' is the continuation of Chaucer's 'Troilus.' We must go further than Chapman, who did no more than conclude the fragment left by his brother poet. One cannot help wondering whether Sir Harry Johnstone remembered the dim poet who first came that way, when he set to work upon the novels of Dickens and the drama of Shaw. At all events Henryson was not to have the last word for all his

> Of fair Cresseid, as I have said befoir
> Sen scho is deid I speik of hir no moir.

A greater than he, but in sour mood, was to tell her fortunes again.

It would be idle to refuse to Dunbar's forehead the laurel of Scottish Chaucerian poetry. He has neither James's simplicity nor Henryson's grace, but he has a range and power and originality which elect him high among the second ranks of poets, beside a Marvell, a Clare, a John Davidson. Never was poetry more 'thick inlaid with patines of bright gold' than his 'Golden Targe.' It is like the canvases of the Italian goldsmith-painters, like the gem-encrusted bosom of a Sforza lady: —

> The cristall air, the sapher firmament,
> The ruby skies of the Orient,
> Kest beriall bemes on emerant bewis grene;
> The rosy garth, depaynt and redolent
> With purpur, azure, gold and goulis gent. . . .

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That this same poet should have written also his 'Tua Mariit Wemen and the Wedo,' with its more than Rabelaisian candor, its immense zest, its clever parody of and improvement upon the antique alliterative measure, is a problem in literary psychology. Nor does the tale end here. There follows the grotesque and powerful 'Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis,' with its massive thrust in the jaw for Highlanders in general and the miserable Macfadyans in particular. Or, at the opposite pole in the bewildering spirit of this man, his dolorous litany of dead poets, '*Timor mortis conturbat me.*' *Timor mortis* no longer disturbeth him. Not many are they who love this poet, but these love him well.

Douglas in some senses marks the decadence of this burst of poetry briefly examined here. He is more of a litterateur, an Alexandrian, than the rest. We feel that the tremendous versatility of Dunbar — his feverish experimentation with many techniques — is implicit in the man, native to him. In Douglas we feel a sense of deliberation, form a greater stimulus than matter. Take, for instance, the amazing virtuosity of the 'Ballade in Commendation of Honor'; how the rhymes dance and sparkle like ascending and descending watery arrows in a sunlit fountain!

Haill, rois maist chois til clois thy fois greit micht!
Haill, stone quhilk schone upon the throne of licht!
Vertew, quhais trew sweit dew ouirthrew al vice.
. . .

Not that even here poetry is lacking. But the tone here is of cunning silver rather than of plain fine gold.

So too we find a new formalism invading, not unpleasantly, the prologues to his translation of the *Æneid.* The prologues describing the winter landscapes and the May morning are adjectival poetry *in excelsis.* Never was there such a plethora of adjectives. Whilst, in sooth, adjectives are not lacking from 'The Golden Targe,' they are subordinate to the scheme. In Douglas the scheme is subordinate to the adjectives. Passing away, saith simplicity, passing away. And yet never was the adaptation of sound to meaning carried to a more masterly degree. The poem on winter, in its each syllable, is a translation of winter's essential music, hard, dry, jagged, craggy. The sea spumes bitterly, howls along livid coasts. Marrow freezes. A man reading in summer crouches for warmth over his empty fire-grate.

. . . Until the reader recalls the May morning of this same poet, this May morning of English poetry: —

The twinkling stremowris of the orient
Sched purpour sprangis with gold and asure ment. . . .
And al smal foulis singis on the spray
Welcome the lord of licht and lampe of day!

The freshness of Chaucer, the lyric of Henryson, the skill of Dunbar, are fused in this *aubade.* Spring poets since that day seem curiously belated. When Shakespeare came, he sang the summer of his race. There are moments when it seems that to Shelley, wild, dying bird, was left only the threnody of autumn: —

Sad storm whose tears are vain,
Bare woods whose branches stain,
Deep caves and dreary main,
Wail for the world's wrong!

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CHILDREN'S GAMES AND SONGS IN ANCIENT GREECE

BY W. R. HALLIDAY

[*Professor Halliday occupies the chair of Ancient History in the University of Liverpool, and frequently contributes to* Discovery *essays on the intimate yet unfamiliar aspects of life in the ancient world.*]

From *Discovery, December*
(British Scientific Monthly)

Most of us at one time or another have played the uncomfortable rôle of the Complaisant Man who, Theophrastus tells us, 'when asked to dinner will request the host to send for the children, and will say of them when they come in, that they are as like their father as figs; and will draw them toward him and kiss them and establish them at his side — playing with some of them, and himself saying: "Wineskin, Hatchet," and permitting them to go to sleep upon him to his anguish.' How Wineskin and Hatchet was played I do not think is known. With some games we are more fortunate. A kind of Prisoner's Base, which was called Night and Day from the names given to the two sides, is alluded to by Plato. In this a piece of pottery, black upon the one side and white upon the other, was tossed up. If white came down uppermost, Day were the catchers and Night had to get 'home' before being caught. Plato, again, compares the earth to a kind of ball, the cover of which was made of twelve different-colored pieces of leather, and a variety of ball games are described by Pollux, who gives us also the ancient Greek varieties of Tug-of-War, Hide and Seek, and Blind Man's Buff. Why the latter got the name of Brazen Fly I do not know. A child was blindfolded and turned round. He then recited, 'I'm going to hunt a brazen fly,' while the others beat the blindfolded 'it' with strips of leather, shouting, 'You will hunt but you will not catch.'

The boys of Tarentum played I Bring out the Lame Goat, but we know only the first line of the song. The girls' game *Cheli Chelone* we may perhaps call Torty Tortoise; the first word seems to be a mere nonsense reduplication of the sound of the first syllable of *chelone*. Liddell and Scott rather strangely describe it as a kind of Hunt the Slipper. One girl sits down and is called the Tortoise, while the others dance round her singing: —

'Torty Tortoise, what are you doing in the middle?'
'I am weaving wool and Milesian cloth.'
'But what was your child doing, when he was lost?'
'He jumped from his white horses into the sea.'

I imagine that the last line was the prelude to some action by which a child was caught, and that Torty Tortoise belongs to the same genus as Mother Mother the Pot Boils Over, Gipsy, and Old Cranny Crow.

The Pot was a boys' game. One boy in the centre held a pot on his head with his left hand, the others ran round him shouting, 'Who holds the pot?' the answer to which was 'I, Midas.' The player 'Midas' succeeded in touching with his foot took his place in the centre.

Milesian woolen cloth was the best in Greece, and upon its export the material prosperity of Miletus largely

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depended. This explains the close friendship between Miletus and Sybaris in South Italy. When Sybaris was destroyed by her rival and neighbor Croton in 510 B.C., the Milesians went into mourning. Their grief is intelligible enough when we remember that Sybaris was the depot for the Milesian trade in the western Mediterranean. The woolen goods were landed at Sybaris, transported by land across the toe of Italy, and thence reshipped to Etruria and the markets of the West.

A singing game called Posies is mentioned by Athenæus. It clearly resembles Nuts in May and possibly My Delight's in Tansies, but I am not certain how the latter is played. The following verses are quoted: —

Where are my roses, where are my violets, where is my beautiful parsley?
These are my roses, these are my violets, and this is my beautiful parsley.

Why, asks Plutarch in his Greek Questions, was there a custom amongst the Bottiæan maidens, as they danced, to sing, 'Let us go to Athens'? He answers his conundrum by reference to mythological history. Bottiæa was founded by Cretans in prehistoric times, and with the Cretan settlers came Athenians. For Athens, until Theseus slew the Minotaur, paid a yearly tribute of men and maidens to Minos, King of Crete, but these were not all given to the Minotaur, and some of the survivors took part in the Cretan colonization of Bottiæa. Hence it is in memory of their Athenian origin that this popular song is sung. Some scholars have taken Plutarch seriously, but I do not myself believe that this yarn is earlier than the fifth century B.C., when Athens was bringing the Northern Ægean under her influence. Readers of Herodotus will be familiar with many other examples of the invention of legendary connections in prehistoric times in order to justify the pretensions of Athenian imperialism. It may quite well be that the Theseus story came into the game, for a singing game I think it pretty obviously is. We may compare —

Lend me a pin to stick in my thumb,
To carry the lady to London town —

which is played as far from London as Fifeshire; or the common English game —

How many miles to Babylon?
Three-score and ten.
Will we be there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.
Open your gates and let us go through.
Not without a beck and a boo.
There's a beck and there's a boo;
Open your gates and let us go through.

In the second Messenian War, at the end of the seventh century B.C., Aristomenes was the heroic leader of the rebels against Spartan rule. 'When Aristomenes returned to Andania the women threw ribbons and fresh flowers on him and recited in his honor a song, which is sung to this day (our informant Pausanias is writing in the second century after Christ): —

To the midst of the Stenyclerian plain and to the top of the mountain
Aristomenes followed the Lacedæmonians.

The song may have been a popular ballad, but again I suspect a singing game. We are reminded of 1 Samuel xviii. 7, 'And the women sang one to another in their play and said:

Saul hath slain his thousands
And David his ten thousands.'

Historical events often leave their traces in nursery song. A Shropshire woman in the nineteenth century was heard to hush her baby with: —

Ring-a-ding, I heard a bird sing
The Parliament soldiers are gone for the king —

which is a clear reference to General Monk's mission in 1660.

Where our children sing, 'Rain, rain, go to Spain, fine weather, come again,'

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the Greek children of Aristophanes' day clapped their hands and sang, 'Come out, dear sun.' With —

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone —

may be compared, Fly, beetles; a savage wolf is after you.

Greek children had also a song to 'send away the strix, the crier by night, from the land, the nameless bird, upon the swift ships.' The strix was a vampire-witch who affected the shape of a screech owl and was peculiarly addicted to sucking the blood of small children.

At weddings a song was sung about crows. There is, unfortunately, considerable doubt about the text. The reading, 'Boy, drive away the crow,' has been interpreted by the theory that the crow symbolizes widowhood. But the crow was a bird of ill luck, and naturally its appearance at weddings would not be welcomed. I suspect that the song was merely the equivalent of the English —

Crow, crow, get out of my sight,
Or else I' ll eat your liver and light;

or the French —

Corbeau, corbeau sauve toi;
Voila le petit-fils du roi,
Qui te coupera au p'tit doigt!
Vin vinaigre!

The most famous of Greek seasonal songs is the Swallow Song of Rhodes. In ancient Greece as in Europe pretty generally the advent of the swallow marked the beginning of spring. When the swallow came, the thick clothes of winter were put off and summer suits were donned. The swallow song, then, was a spring song performed by bands of boys who went from house to house making a collection.

She has come, the swallow has come, bringing fine seasons and fine years, white on her belly, black on her back. Roll out a cake of compressed fruit from your rich house and a cup of wine and a basket of cheese. Wheaten cakes too, and bread of pulse the swallow does not reject. Are we to go or are we to get something? If you give something, well, but if not we will not go away. Either we will carry off the door or the lintel or your wife who sits within; she is small and we shall easily carry her off. And if you bring anything, bring something big. Open the door to the swallow; for we are not old men but boys.

In some parts of Greece the swallow song is still performed on March 1 by boys carrying a wooden swallow on a pole. In the British Isles we may compare the Wren Song of Christmastide:

The wren, the wren, the king of the birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's great.
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat.

My box, it would speak, if it had but a tongue,
And two or three shillings would do it no wrong.
Sing holly, sing ivy — sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it would save melancholy.

And if you draw it of the best
I hope your soul in Heaven may rest.
But if you draw it of the small
It won't agree with the wren-boys at all.

The Lesbian mill song is perhaps rather a genuine work-song than a singing game —

Grind, mill, grind,
For Pittacus too grinds,
Who is king in great Mitylene.

An interesting parallel has been recorded by the late Professor Politis. A woman in Maina, the wildest part of the Peloponnesus, upon whom were billeted the police who were after her husband (who had taken to the hills), was heard to sing: —

Grind, mill, grind,
Turn out your flour fine,
Your wheaten flour crisp
That the policemen may eat,
And the sergeant, the dog,
Who is sitting in the corner.

Pittacus was a friend of Alcæus the poet, and with him a conspirator against

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the tyrant Myrsilus, but eventually became tyrant himself early in the sixth century B.C. His name, like that of Periander, tyrant of Corinth, was included in the list of the traditional Seven Wise Men of Greece. It is recorded of him by Diogenes Laertius that a friend came and asked him whether it was wiser to marry an aristocratic bride or one from his own station. 'Go after those boys who are whipping their tops,' said Pittacus, 'and listen to what they say.' When he got near, the friend heard one boy say to the other, 'Whip the one that is by you.'

To pursue the practice of divination from the chance utterances of children at play would take us too far afield. It is not uncommon. Plutarch tells us that the Egyptians drew inferences from the chance utterances of children playing in the temples; the hearing of a boy's voice, which repeated, 'Take up and read,' was a factor in the conversion of St. Augustine; the deductions to be drawn from children's play are given in a German pamphlet of popular divination belonging to the sixteenth century, and an interesting account drawn from an eyewitness, the author's grandfather, is given by the Turkish traveler Evliyá Effendi, of how the play of the seven sons of Sultan Ahmed I (1603–1617) foretold their respective destinies and the conquest of Crete by Sultan Ibrahim.

OLD AGE

(FROM THE JAPANESE)

BY G. M. HART

[*Spectator*]

I EXPECT, when night falls, to have my house full of visitors;
The ghosts of past days, foul and fair.
And I am prepared to salute all alike, courteously,
To thank some of them, that they are now but shadows,
And the others, that they were once alive.

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THE LADIES' CADI OF BAGDAD

BY JULIUS ESERMELY

From *Pester Lloyd, November* 16
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

HAROUN AL RASCHID, Caliph of happy memory, the far-shining star of his kingdom, was wont, as all the world knows, to wander in disguise through the streets of Bagdad, and thus to learn personally what the common people of his realm were thinking and doing.

Sometimes he would go forth clad as a water-carrier; at other times as a peddler of fruit and sweetmeats. Thus he mingled with the masses, saw everything, noted and observed what each was doing, and what each said about his ruler. Often, too, he would purposely start a quarrel with some other peddler, or preferably with one of the well-to-do and wealthy burghers of the city, merely in order that he might be brought before the Cadi and convince himself by personal experience how impartially the honorable judge dispensed justice between the poor and the rich, between the high and the low. He would thereupon lavish his princely favor upon the just judge, and visit the weight of his wrath upon the unjust and the corrupt judge.

One day, disguised as a dervish, he visited a street barber to have his head shaved. Selim Ben Jussuf, for so the barber was called, spread out a rug for the holy man to sit upon, and began preparing for his work. Meanwhile, the supposed dervish employed his leisure looking about him. He noticed a tablet that must belong to the barber, for it was nailed fast to his worktable. On this tablet was written the following: —

THINGS THAT ONE MUST NEVER DOUBT

1. That Allah is eternal, is the only God, and all-powerful.
2. That Mohammed was His Prophet, and His spokesman upon earth.
3. That every woman in the world is a gossip.

The Caliph began to laugh: 'Barber, thou hast little esteem for women to write thus concerning them,' he said.

The barber shook his head and answered: 'Quite the contrary. I have the highest opinion of women.'

'Is it for this reason that you call them gossiping creatures?'

'Pardon me, Holy Man, but your eyes do you poor service. You merely note that women are gossips and overlook entirely that they follow next after Allah and Mohammed.'

This reply so surprised the Caliph that he spoke not another word, but he thought to himself: 'This barber has a very wise head.'

The barber began to work rapidly, for meanwhile another customer appeared, seated himself, and waited his turn. The newcomer seemed to be a mechanic. In reality he was a trusted confidant of the Caliph. When the Caliph's head was as smooth as polished ivory, the barber held up a mirror for him to see himself, saying:

'A good job, is n't it?' And he smiled cheerfully and confidently.

'Barber, hast thou not a magnifying mirror?'

'It was Allah's will that I should

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have one. Therefore I do have one,' was the answer.

When the Caliph viewed himself in the magnifying mirror, his head looked like a field of stubble. Bristles crowded on bristles like the straw stems in a grain field after the harvest. Haroun Al Raschid beckoned the barber to him, showed him his head in the mirror, and asked: —

'Is this the way thou shavest me, my brother?'

When he heard this reproach, the barber picked up his razor, but not for the purpose of going over the stubble field again. He merely held it up before the mirror and smiled.

'Holy Man,' he said, 'since you have looked at your head in this magnifying mirror, look now at the edge of this razor. Regard it carefully.'

The Caliph was again surprised at the ready wit of the barber. For seen in the magnifying mirror, the razor's edge looked dull indeed.

After his trusted confidant was also shaven, the Caliph said to him: 'This barber has a very wise head. I will appoint him a cadi. To any man who tries to deceive him he will show the razor's edge in the magnifying glass.'

The Caliph's trusted confidant replied: 'In order to be a good judge, a man must have three qualities — wisdom, courage, and independence.'

'We have already seen that the barber is an intelligent man,' replied the Caliph. 'We can easily ascertain if he is frank and courageous. A week from now, so that he will have forgotten what happened to-day, I shall call him to me and have him shave me, the Caliph of all True Believers. Will he speak then as he has spoken to-day, if the Caliph takes a magnifying mirror in his hand?'

And thus it came to pass. The barber told the Caliph precisely what he had told the dervish. A short time afterwards he was appointed a cadi, and performed the duties of his office in the court of a great mosque. Soon he was famous as an incorruptible, courageous and just judge; and the women in particular praised him above all measure. Women are very voluble, especially when they bring their controversies before a judge; but Selim, the wise Cadi, listened patiently to all.

Soon it came to the ears of the Caliph that Selim, the ladies' Cadi of Bagdad, had become one of the popular men in the city, and the women above all were delighted with him, according to rumor. Thereupon a droll idea came to the Caliph. He summoned his trusted counselor and asked: —

'Hast thou likewise gossiping, talkative women among thy wives?'

'You have seen yourself it was written on the tablet of the barber that all the women in the world are gossipy and talkative.'

'Then take her who talks the most, Abdullah, and appear with her tomorrow before the cadi. Appear in the garb of a well-to-do merchant, accuse thy wife of being so talkative that thou hast no peace, either by day or by night, and insist on the cadi punishing her. I will be present and hear what judgment Selim the cadi gives.'

And thus it happened. On the next morning, the Caliph's confidant came with his wife and said: —

'I beg your help, O Cadi. This wife of mine talks so incessantly that my life has become a burden to me. From early morning until late at night she cackles like a hen that is continuously laying eggs. Punish her, O wise Cadi, in order that I may have peace in my house.'

'May I make an observation, O Cadi?' interrupted the Caliph, who was present as a spectator in the disguise of a vegetable peddler.

'Thou mayst speak,' replied the

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cadi, 'but only for the defense. There may be ten defenders, but one accuser is enough.'

'I will plead for the defendant and say: Let the plaintiff show you his wife's tongue in a magnifying mirror; only, before you give judgment, strike the mirror from his hand.'

The cadi made a gesture of dissent: 'Thou hast spoken unwisely,' he chided, 'It makes no difference in a case like this whether one has a magnifying mirror or a mirror that makes things smaller. The tongue moves as fast in one as in the other. The question at issue is the movement of this woman's tongue, not its size.'

Everyone felt certain that he would give judgment against the woman, the more so since she talked steadily without taking breath for two full hours. Imagine then the universal surprise when the Cadi finally said that he was ready to decide, and spoke thus: —

'Thou, dear lady, mayst depart in peace. I have no reproof to bestow upon thee. But thou, the plaintiff, shalt have three good bastinados on the soles of your feet. And wouldst thou know why? Because thou hast brought a complaint before this court against what Allah has decreed.'

From that day forth women flocked in even greater numbers to the cadi. They said: 'He is our cadi.' Every woman in Bagdad that had a complaint of any kind brought it before him.

Most of the spectators also were women. Veiled women and maidens gathered curiously around the rug whereon he sat, and chattered and gossiped among themselves. Their ears would be intent upon the cadi and his judgments, but their mouths would be going like the clatter of storks or crows when they gather in flocks to fly southward in the fall.

Only one of the women — no one knew whether she was a maiden or a matron — never opened her mouth. This silent spectator turned neither to the right nor to the left, but silently followed the case in hand.

One day when the period of the session had come to an end, and this silent woman started to withdraw, the cadi stepped up to her and asked:

'Art thou a matron or a maid?'

'I am still a maid, Effendi.'

'Wouldst thou become my wife? Speak.'

'With all my heart, Cadi.'

And Selim, the ladies' cadi, married the taciturn maiden. But immediately after his wedding, he presented himself before the Caliph and resigned his office.

'Hast thou wearied of thy office as judge, Selim?'

'No, O Master, but I can no longer remain Cadi of Bagdad.'

'Why not, Selim Ben Jussuf? I may venture to tell thee that thou art wise and courageous — in brief, that thou art an excellent judge.'

'But I am no longer independent, O King of Kings. Hitherto I have been a widower. Now I have married for a second time, and as a married man I cannot possibly remain the cadi of the ladies. I shall go back to my razor.'

And so it happened. And again he nailed a tablet to his worktable. But this time he added a sentence to it: —

THINGS THAT ONE MUST NEVER DOUBT

1. That Allah is eternal, is the only God, and all-powerful.

2. That Mohammed was His Prophet, and His spokesman upon earth.

3. That every woman in the world is a gossip.

4. But that my wife — abounding praise and thanks be to Allah! — is an exception.

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PAGE OF VERSE

ASTRONOMY

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Spectator*]

THEY sail, they sail — those lighted ships —
Star-schooners out and on,
Cold eddy of the last thought slips
Smooth at their keel and is gone. . . .

Proud they come down on winds unspiced
With aught but the cold scent
Of space, to keep (who knows?) what tryst
Beyond the firmament?

The ultimate spume of light will toss
Upon their sails, and fall
Pearl-spray, to leave dark sheets that cross
Seas with no light at all.

Ghost-craft they steal — how far, how far! —
In what black foam, with stem
Plunging in the wine-dark seas that are
The years that plunge with them.

On, on they steer, span after span,
And only find to lose
What seemed the star Aldebaran
In the shadow of Betelgeuse.

On still; and time — a bowstring — drawn
With a deep sigh must break,
And sink with scattered dark and dawn
Soundlessly in their wake.

On still and out; and space will drop —
Back, back; and the dark host
Anchor where thought itself must stop —
But beyond thought drives the ghost.

A COLLOQUY AMONG THE STARS

BY G. M. W. MITCHELL

[*Saturday Review*]

Orion: Who is this wanderer, kinsmen,
Baffled and mazed?
Pleiades: Where does he run?
Orion: From the home fire and the comfort
Where the feast's begun.
Mars: He hath not praised
The brown ale and the strong meat, kinsmen,
Nor the fire's blaze,
He hath not welcomed the guests duly.
Orion: His ways
Are not theirs nor theirs his, kinsmen,
Pleiades: Verily!
Cassiopeia: Which of us shines on him, kinsmen?
Jupiter: Whose eye is blind?
Pleiades: Why does he run?
Orion: He flees doubt and the darkness
Now hope is done.
Plough: He will but find
Black bog and a deep water, kinsmen,
And my changed mind —
Pole Star: And we shall die in the night!
Pleiades: Truly!
Milky Way: Behind
There is laughter!
Cassiopeia: Here is a lost soul, kinsmen!
Pleiades: Verily!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE DOOMED FAUNA OF SOUTH AFRICA

BIG game in South Africa is doomed to early extinction unless protection is made more adequate, the Government is warned in a pamphlet issued by Dr. William T. Hornaday of the New York Zoölogical Garden and Dr. Alwin Haagner, Director of the National Zoölogical Gardens of South Africa. The animals especially menaced are the white rhinoceros, not more than twenty-five specimens of which remain in all South Africa, though it was once numerous; the nyala antelope; the bontebok, only about two hundred of which survive, living in a semi-wild state on farms; the mountain zebra, with about four hundred specimens surviving; the black wildebeest, which now persists only on a few fenced farms in the Orange Free State; the southern eland, the Vaal rheebok, the grysbok, and the southern oribi, which are all on the verge of extinction.

Two years ago the settlers in the Ntambanana district secured the consent of the Natal Government to a wholesale massacre of game. A thousand zebras, six white rhinoceroses, and two thousand other animals were killed, and certainly many more must have escaped, wounded, to die miserably. The marauders even invaded the game reserve between the Black and White Umfolosi rivers. When, early in 1918, the Ubombo district was thrown open for unrestricted shooting, the results are said to have been even more terrible to the game, and to-day the veldt lies covered with bleaching skeletons.

The task of the Administration in protecting the animals is very difficult. Plausible excuses are often advanced to cover expeditions, the real motive of which is to secure ivory or hides. At one time medical men, in perfectly good faith, advocated the extermination of all big game on the ground that in this way the trypanosomes of sleeping-sickness would lack a host. Happily wiser counsels prevailed and it was shown that these irreplaceable losses would have afforded no corresponding benefit, for the smaller animals were also found to be hosts. Total extermination of all wild life in South Africa was too much for the doctors to advocate or attempt. Poaching is also responsible for much destruction. The game wardens have large territories to cover and are unable to do their work completely.

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KNUT HAMSUN AND HIS NAME

THERE is excitement in Norwegian literary circles over the fact that Knut Hamsun, the noted Scandinavian author, is about to proceed in the courts against his own brother and the latter's family for using the name of Hamsun. Hamsun's real name is Knut Petersen Hamsund, which, for purposes of his own, he changed into the one that is now so famous. His earliest story had the original name as signature.

Peder Hamsun, the brother of the novelist, against whom he is about to proceed, is a customs inspector at Narvik. *Dagbladet* of Christiania has the following version of the controversy: —

> As nearly as we can learn, Knut Hamsun will himself conduct the case when it gets into court. The matter at issue affects Hamsun's own brother, T. Pedersen Hamsun, who has two children, a son and a daughter. It is the young man who is the cause of this family quarrel now coming before the public. And the fact that Knut Hamsun's *Growth of the Soil* is now seen on the screen has something still further to do with the difficulty.

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It seems that the producer of this film, Gunnar Sommerfeldt, as a good publicity expert announced that Peder Hamsun's son, Almar, would play one of the main parts. Almar Hamsun later joined *Nationen*, and subsequently went abroad for a firm of motor-cycle manufacturers with the view of advertising this brand with the name of Hamsun as an additional inducement.

Dagbladet managed to interview Mrs. Marie Hamsun, and is able to give the Hamsun viewpoint as coming from the novelist's wife: 'My husband's name in reality is his literary cognomen, which he alone has the right to use. At the very most his brother can call himself Hamsund, but not Hamsun. The *d* in the name is all that they can claim.'

In other quarters *Dagbladet* has obtained further information bearing on the controversy. It appears that Knud Petersen Hamsund first called himself Knut Hamsun when in America. Nobody appears to have ever heard of the name Hamsun until the author made it famous. The impression prevails that other members of the family, seeing how fame had attached itself to the name of Hamsun, tried to get within its charmed circle. It is especially the twenty-two-year-old Almar Hamsun who is aiming to get glory and fortune out of the Hamsun name, but of course, it is the father who stands responsible in the first place. Whatever the real merit of the case, Norwegian readers of Hamsun books are watching events with interest. Knut Hamsun, as his books show, knows how to fight, and a lively legal tilt is anticipated.

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LÉON DAUDET AND SULLA

'I HAVE written the romantic and determined life of Sulla, the greatest political leader of antiquity, in order to show orderly men of standing the way of escape from the difficulties that overwhelm us,' writes Léon Daudet frankly in *L'Action Française*. As will be recalled, when extracts from the novel where printed in the *Living Age* of November 4, it was pointed out that the political implications and the immediate application to the problems of our own day were obvious. Merely to imply, however, is no longer enough for this ardent Royalist, who is the most convinced reactionary in France, and he points out in a long article in this newspaper — of which he is one of the political directors — precisely what his novel meant.

It must at least be conceded M. Daudet that he does not mince words. He proclaims his intention of 'opening ways to action,' and goes on to a ringing declaration: 'In order to act, you must not be afraid to declare yourself a reactionary, nor, once you are in power, must you hesitate to do what you said you would do.' — Alas for politicians, which one of them all ever kept that vow completely?

M. Daudet draws unflattering parallels between the leaders of antiquity and those of to-day. In 85 B.C., it would appear, there were socialists — 'disciples of a certain Carolus Marxus, for that absurd kind of pontiff is eternal.' Lucius Cornelius Sulla, observing 'the essential evil of democracy,' exerted himself to save the state from disaster. M. Daudet's detailed parallel is interesting: —

> The political situation in Rome and Italy, at the moment when Sulla came to power, was similar, detail for detail, with our present position, even in the most minute particulars. They were emerging from a Germanic invasion. The Cimbri and the Teutons had been beaten off, but at what a price! Mithridates — a kind of Lenin, modeled after Wilhelm II — threatened the Empire with his red arms, in which 'discipline by free consent' was flourishing. There was no fleet. Dull grumblings of treason in the chief cities of Italy. Finances exhausted by inflation, which had driven up the cost of living.

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M. Daudet concludes his article thus: —

The subject is far from being exhausted, and I shall return to it. It is of vital importance that the Republic should fall as speedily as possible. This little book of mine may help the process on. That is what I wrote it for.

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'CARTHAGO DELENDA EST' ONCE AGAIN

TWICE destroyed, once by the Romans and once by the Arabs, Carthage is again in danger from the ravages of modern Vandals, greedy for building stone, and from the careless spades of untrained excavators. In the columns of the *Écho de Paris*, Dr. L. Carton, correspondent of the Institute, enters a plea for French archæological supervision of the site of the ancient city and careful study by competent students. France, he points out, is sending her scholars to Rome, to Athens, and to Egypt to study the civilizations of ancient times, and yet she permits the great city of Carthage to lie buried within her own colonial frontiers, without careful study.

Razed by the Romans after the Third Punic War, rebuilt by Augustus, destroyed again by the Arabs in 647, Carthage has suffered grievous losses. Moslem invaders carried off pillars and capitals for use in the great mosque at Kairouan; mediæval Christians robbed the pagan temples to enrich the churches of Pisa and Genoa; and now, in our own days, the coming of modern European civilization to the shores of Northern Africa has renewed the process. The Arab shepherds who until recently wandered in undisputed possession over the ancient city built no houses and consequently did not disturb the ruins. But modern contractors in their quest for material do not distinguish between quarried stone and loose stone of antique workmanship; and heavy carts go creaking out of the old capital, laden with plunder for the construction of modern villas.

No less than five independent excavating parties are now at work. Their uncoördinated studies show that many a treasure still lurks beneath the soil; but unless there is central direction of some kind, the excavations may destroy almost as much as they add to knowledge. M. L. Saint, the French Resident, coöperating with a *Comité des Dames Amies de Carthage*, is endeavoring to improve matters.

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ANIMAL ACTORS IN A NEW FILM

Bêtes — comme les hommes is the title — does it veil a satiric meaning? — of a new film soon to be shown in France, in which every actor is an animal. This extraordinary tour de force, which is due to the painstaking work of M. Alfred Machin, famous for his photographs and moving pictures of wild animals, and M. Henri Wulchleger, has occupied the authors for a period of two years and required — one always mentions material details when writing about moving pictures — the construction of special scenery, motor cars, railroad trains, and other properties on a scale with the diminutive actors.

Bêtes — comme les hommes tells the love story of Jim Bull, a bulldog, and Elaine, a little terrier, and with characteristic French wit, the authors have not failed to indulge in a wealth of sly travesty of the ordinary cinematographic 'stunts.' The love affair is progressing smoothly toward matrimony when the villain enters, one Willy Fox, who is described succinctly as a '*snob accompli*,' and who is also a fox terrier.

He teaches Elaine '*l' art de fox-trotter*,' and Elaine abandons her faithful Jim

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Bull and marries the too, too charming Willy. The wedding scenes are triumphs of animal training. Rabbits as coachmen manœuvre the conveyances with easy nonchalance. Chickens, rabbits, and dogs are guests at a wedding luncheon of thirty covers, and there is even a speech at which the guests yawn dismally.

But Jim Bull is not inclined to yield gracefully. He bursts in upon the newly married couple, drives Willy ignominiously away, while Elaine flees to the railway station and goes in search of him. The engine-driver is a dog. Jim Bull conceals himself on the train and turns a switch, which sends the train into the wilderness of Toggar where Titinéa, Queen of the Monkeys, reigns. (The choice of name can hardly make Shakespeare's ghost very happy.)

The inhabitants of Toggar are cannibals. The train is wrecked. A luckless chicken, which happens to be a passenger, is seized, slain, and roasted on the spot. Elaine is cast into a dungeon. A serpent is loosed upon her, but she escapes into the jungle. The implacable Jim Bull pursues her and when she seeks refuge in a tree trunk, casts tree and all to the bottom of a ravine where — fetched by the long arm of coincidence in true moving-picture fashion — Willy Fox is passing, in quest of his bride.

Jim Bull springs upon the reunited couple and again drives off the recreant husband. Elaine abandons the timid Willy and espouses the faithful if somewhat turbulent Jim.

An anonymous critic in *L'Illustration* remarks that in the film, probably because of careful eliminations, the effect of laboriousness, which trained animals usually give, is not apparent. 'You feel neither slavishness nor effort. Thanks to the adaptability of the cinema, the producers have taken thousands of delightful views of their little actors, freely moving about, and then have eliminated all those that did not give an effect of complete spontaneity.'

BEETHOVEN'S PIANO

A REPORT from Vienna states that the special piano constructed for Beethoven after his increasing deafness made it impossible for him to compose upon an ordinary instrument, has been discovered. The piano was so constructed that its tones were much louder than those of any other, and the master was for a time able to work upon it. No details of the discovery are given. The piano will probably be bought for the Beethoven Museum, which is housed in the Royal Library in Berlin.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Reminiscences, by Lady Battersea. London: Macmillan, 1922. 21*s*.

[Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler in the *Observer*]

THE book falls in admirably with our present mood, which is as yet attuned to politics; yet it deals with bygone politics out of which all the bitterness has passed, and only the charm and the interest remain; it leads us from the too-exciting discussion of the respective principles and policies of current Prime Ministers to the study of those bygone Prime Ministers whose principles and policies are already wrapped up with lavender and put away upon the shelf.

But Lady Battersea touches upon many more things than politics. She gives us a series of pictures — pictures so full of life that one might rather call them 'cinema films' — of the best English society during the last half-century. She is fortunate in having been brought into contact with the cream of all the worlds — social, political, literary, and artistic; and she is still more fortunate in having been endowed with the understanding heart which is able to appreciate the best whenever and wherever it meets it.

Some writers have the gift of artistically describing natural scenery; others have that of vividly portraying human character; but the author of these Reminiscences is rare in her combination of these divers literary gifts. She personally conducts her readers to the vales of Buckinghamshire and the cliffs of Norfolk; to a Passion Play at Oberammergau, a Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and a bullfight in Spain; and she also takes them kindly by the hand and introduces them to many of the great and gifted and notorious ones of the earth, from Queen Victoria down to Mrs. Maybrick.

She has, moreover, the gift — so delightful in private letter-writers — of telling us just the things that we want to know — a gift very closely allied to the power of instinctively grasping a salient point. A marked instance of this power is shown in the description of Queen Victoria's funeral procession. 'When I drew up the blinds of my bedroom at an early hour of the morning I noted with astonishment the appearance of Oxford-street and the Park, where lines of black-clothed women had already taken up their places. Not a color to be seen.' I think that anyone who was present at the great pageant of a nation's sorrow, was struck first of all by the completeness of a nation's mourning; not a scrap of color anywhere except in the uniforms. The same absence of color was equally noticeable — and more remarkable because more sudden — the very day after the Queen's death.

Mr. Lloyd George. A Biography, by E. T. Raymond. London: W. Collins, Sons, and Co., 1922. 15*s*.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS latest biography of Mr. Lloyd George is neither laudatory nor depreciatory, and will, if the reviewer is not greatly mistaken, be long regarded as a real contribution to the understanding of the extraordinarily complex and baffling personality of the late Prime Minister.

Publishers' advertisements of their wares are usually suspect, but we have no quarrel with the following sentence on the wrapper of this book: 'Witty, epigrammatic, impartial, it gives a fascinating picture of a fascinating man.' All the adjectives are justified, the third most of all. The chief merit of the biography, apart from its painstaking and well-ordered arrangement of facts, lies, indeed, in its fairness. We have had rather too much of wit and epigram in recent character sketches of our great men, and we are grateful to Mr. Raymond for not overdoing them here. Impartiality and a neutral statement of the evidence are less fashionable; but they are likely to be of greater value in the long run, and it is for this reason that one is tempted to predict for Mr. Raymond's book not only an immediate success but an enduring one.

The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley, 1870–1911, edited by Sir George Arthur. London: Heinemann, 1922. 25*s*.

[Edmund Gosse in the *Sunday Times*]

THE classic instance of the publication of letters exchanged between husband and wife is the correspondence of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, authorized by their son a quarter of a century ago. The letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley, now given to the public, resemble those of the Brownings in their mutual confidence and warm unbroken cordiality, but the circumstances which they represent are very different. The letters of Robert and Elizabeth were all written within a comparatively short time and in a consistent mood.

The letters of the Wolseleys have not this uniformity of time or mood. They are a series of groups or fragments, called forth by the professional absences of the husband or the rare excursions of the wife. In consequence, they offer no outline of the careers of the couple, and are in part only made intelligible by the brief introductions of Sir George Arthur. It is plain that the editor has been anxious not to put himself prominently forward, and it may be held that in

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some respects he has carried modesty too far. He opens the book with a strange abruptness. Neither the year of the birth nor of the death of either protagonist, nor the date of their marriage is given, and I think the volume may be searched from cover to cover without any revelation of Lady Wolseley's Christian name or maiden surname. A prefatory page (or a paragraph) of skeleton biography would have been a great aid to the reader, who cannot be expected to carry in his head the data which he needs for appreciation of the sequence of events.

Punch Pictures, by Frank Reynolds. London: Cassell, 10*s.* 6 *d.*

[W. E. Garrett Fisher in the *Saturday Review*]

An interesting and welcome addition to any shelf high enough to hold the volumes of Gavarni and Caran d'Ache, Leech and Du Maurier, is made by Mr. Frank Reynolds, who now collects the best of the humorous drawings which he has published during the last sixteen years, under the title of *Punch Pictures*. The most famous, though perhaps not the best of these is, of course, the drawing of 'a Prussian household having its morning hate,' which appeared in February, 1915. Mr. Reynolds succeeded in producing a type of German which was quite in accordance with our natural prepossessions at that time. I personally like him better, however, in his more genial studies of suburban life and the humbler kinds of sport.

The Golden River, by J. W. Hills, M. P., and Ianthe Dunbar. London: Philip Allan, 1922. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., March, 1923.

[*Spectator*]

The best pages in this agreeable and brief account of a fishing trip up the Paraná River are those which describe the falls of Iguazú and Guayra. Few Englishmen have seen these marvels of river scenery, to visit which ordinarily involves a journey of many days in particularly noisome steamers. But those who have seen them rank them as one of the wonders of the world, and incline to place them above Niagara or Victoria.

The authors of this book were entranced by the delicate beauty of falling water at Iguazú, and stunned by its savage strength at Guayra. Some excellent photographs bear out the description of Iguazú, but it seems to have been impossible to secure a picture of Guayra, even to get a sight of which is something of an adventure.

Round About the Upper Thames, by Alfred Williams. London: Duckworth, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Village life in England, as elsewhere, has often been dealt with mercilessly enough, and it is pleasant to turn to Mr. Alfred Williams, who knows and loves the English villager, his customs, his superstitions, his unlearned wisdom, his craft with bird and fish and beast. Mr. Williams can take one into a hayfield to listen to the tale of the Inglesham ghost or the tale of old Bet Hyde, and the next minute he can whisk you away to prehistoric times and to the settlement of the Belgæ, centuries before the landing of Cæsar.

Naturally, his pages teem with reminiscences of 'the good old days,' and some of his stories turn on the introduction of railways. Here is one of a rustic in smock frock and top hat who wanted to travel to Shrivenham after the line had been laid to Hay Lane: —

When the train came in he saw it was crowded with 'fine folks,' and came to the conclusion it was not for him; he could not think he had to ride with such grand people. After the train had left he quickly asked the porter when the next would be in.

'To-morrow morning. Why did n't you get in this one?' answered he.

'I did n't like to get in wi' the fine gentlefolks; but s'pose you 'll let me walk,' returned the rustic.

Then there is the Irish navvy who observed, when he had missed the Saturday night train to Bath, in allusion to the railway line: 'Well, I thramped it before he was born, and I 'll thramp it again.'

Feasts and fêtes of all sorts figure in these pages, in which many a village Hampden obtains his due.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

Oxford Poetry, 1922. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1922. 3*s.* 6*d.*

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THIS WEEK

ITALY still presents the most dramatic and puzzling spectacle of any European nation. People who seek a clearer understanding of recent events in that turbulent land will welcome Filippo Burzio's article in this issue of the *Living Age*. The author brings to his task, not only intimate knowledge of the subject, but sound judgment, as well.

* * *

The recent excavations in Egypt have already been brought to our attention by the daily press. But the two articles on 'Egypt's Greatest Revelation' give a fascinating picture of the great tomb of King Tutankhamon, together with enough historical data to make the description comprehensible.

* * *

It is quite futile to expect to form an intelligent opinion of Russia by stuffing the ears with cotton-wool and tightly closing the eyes. If you want to hear something about Russia's foreign policy, turn to the speech of the Soviet Envoy in Peking. And if you wish to see the present state of Russia, read the two descriptions of Petrograd and Moscow, that show to what condition these two great capitals have come.

* * *

Alice Meynell has long held a prominent place in English literature, and her death has been a genuine loss to the world of letters. Many of our readers have enjoyed her work in the pages of this magazine. The editor of the London *Observer* writes an obituary article of unusual power that all admirers of her poetry will surely read.

* * *

Rabindranath Tagore occupies so important a place in modern philosophical literature that his 'Letters from Abroad' are certain to be read with widespread enthusiasm. They reveal some of his personality and contain, at the same time, much of that gentle wisdom that is so salutary in these depressing days.

* * *

An amusing and original story, 'The Prophetic Camera,' should also dispel some of that pervasive gloom that seems to have settled over European art and life.

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THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

MOBILIZATION MORNINGS — *General Von Moltke*
Recollections of a Chief of Staff

AN APOLOGY FOR THE UNAVOIDABLE — *N. Ulianov-Lenin*
An Official Profession of Reform

VICTOR HUGO AND ITALIAN LIBERTY — *Gustave Simon*
Unpublished Letters from Garibaldi and Mazzini

ETHICS AND TECHNICS — *Richard Nikolaus Coudenhove-Kalergi*
Premises of a New Social Philosophy

NEW GOETHE DOCUMENTS — *Professor Christopher Waas*
Germany's Latest Literary Find

BETRAYERS BY CONVICTION — *O. Kolbasina*

TIGER LEGENDS OF INDO-CHINA — *François de Tessan*
Stories from Anamite Folklore

'RUIN': A WORD AND A HISTORY — *Owen Barfield*

THE QUIET LIGHT — *P. Yartsev*
Dramatic Creed of the Moscow Art Theatre

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